

PS 3505

.U79 E6

1912

Copy 1

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS AND
OTHER EPHEMERA
BY
GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE



Class

PS 350.3

Book

U79 E6

Copyright N^o

1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, AND OTHER
EPHEMERA

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS and other EPHEMERA

By
GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE
"

THE DREW PRESS
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
MCMXII

1912
79

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1912,
by GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE, in the office of
the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

...

82.10
CCL A327170
no.

TO MY FRIEND AND CLIENT

WILLIAM DISSTON

(OF PALM BEACH, FLA. AND PHILADELPHIA, PA.)

THIS BOOK AND ITS COMPANION VOLUMES ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED :

Not that such an inscription can add anything to Mr. Disston's importance in the industrial world or to his generally recognized high character wherever he is known, but because it gives the author an opportunity of thus publicly showing his appreciation of the many kindnesses he has received at Mr. Disston's hands and affords him the pleasure of reciprocating his benefactor's confidence in a manner that money may not buy.

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---------|
| ACROSTIC AND AUTOGRAPH VERSES... | 105-116 |
| EPITAPHS | 117-129 |
| EPIGRAMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS..... | 131-165 |
| POEMS | 1-104 |
| Bachelor's Hall—A Song..... | 102-103 |
| "Beaver", The..... | 63-64 |
| Because Of The Irish That's In Me..... | 32-34 |
| Blessed Assurance | 9-10 |
| Bosky Dell | 78-80 |
| Canada..... | 43-44 |
| Carry A High Ideal..... | 52-53 |
| Cast Up By The Sea..... | 50-51 |
| Christmas 1890 | 34-36 |
| City Of Flowers, The..... | 45-47 |
| Composition, A..... | 77-78 |
| Coming Of The Stork, The..... | 3-5 |
| Country Matters | 16 |
| Delray To Prosper In Spite Of The Devil | 51-52 |
| Drafts—A Substantive | 21-22 |
| Evolution Of Nobility, The | 42 |
| Fledgling's Fate, The..... | 23-24 |
| Good Old Times, The..... | 65 |
| How John Tod Conquered The Shushwaps | 90-95 |
| Heights Beyond, The..... | 5-7 |
| Hotel Royal Poinciana..... | 47-48 |
| Humanity—A Toast..... | 95-96 |
| Ideal Time, An..... | 22-23 |
| In Honor of Dr. John Gorrie..... | 97 |
| In Memoriam Sir Matthew Begbie..... | 67 |
| Intoleration..... | 70-71 |
| Is Your Title Clear? | 7-8 |
| Jubilee Ode..... | 43 |
| Keep Climbing | 67-68 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| Land Of The Rising Sun, The..... | 40-41 |
| Last Of 1890, The..... | 36-38 |
| Life Is Like A Game Of Checkers..... | 68-69 |
| Mary, The Scottish Fishwife And Her Dog | 27 |
| Men Worth While, The (Song) | 3 |
| Miami's Great Show..... | 28-29 |
| Misery..... | 86 |
| Mistakes Of The Muses..... | 29-30 |
| Moore, Byron And Scott..... | 72 |
| Mother | 83-84 |
| Munchausen's Adventure With Wolves... | 17-18 |
| Munyon's Enchanted Isle. | 48-50 |
| My Friend Jack..... | 57-58 |
| Nature's Comforters..... | 53-54 |
| Ode In Anticipation Of The Drainage And Opening Of The Florida Everglades Country To Settlement..... | 103-104 |
| Ode To A Skull..... | 81-83 |
| Old Ireland Forever..... | 44-45 |
| Only A Siwash Dog | 38-39 |
| On Selling A Poem | 20 |
| On This Day The Bicycle Girl Completes Her Thirty-Sixth Birthday..... | 16-17 |
| Oversoul, The | 69-70 |
| Passing Of Weary Willie, The..... | 14 |
| Poet's Plight, A | 55-57 |
| Poet's Welcome To His Firstborn, The... | 15 |
| Prayer, A..... | 85-86 |
| Roscoe Club, The..... | 76-77 |
| Ruminations By The Side Of A Florida Shell Mound..... | 99-101 |
| Song For Apprentice Accountants, A.... | 87-88 |
| Speech, A..... | 88-90 |
| Seasons, The..... | 66 |
| Soon To Be Deserted Village, The..... | 18-19 |
| Sunday In Hyde Park..... | 25-26 |
| Sailor's Song..... | 60 |
| Tallahassee..... | 97-99 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| To My Sweetheart Plus..... | 96-97 |
| To My Trunk..... | 62-63 |
| To My Walking Stick..... | 61-62 |
| That Flea..... | 24-25 |
| Ties Masonic | 59 |
| To Thee, Oh God..... | 84-85 |
| Vancouver..... | 30-32 |
| Washington's Birthday | 73 |
| What The Bellbuoy Says..... | 39 |
| When We're Dead And Gone..... | 74-75 |
| World Is Full Of Poets, The..... | 10-14 |
| TENDERFEET IN ALASKA (A FOUR-ACT COMEDY)..... | 167-244 |

POEMS, WISE AND OTHERWISE



THE MEN WORTH WHILE.

(SONG.)

There are knockers, there are grumblers, there are
tenderfeet galore,
Who will tell us what we can't do, and our littleness
deplore;
There are fossils, too, grown hoary in their talk of
what was done.
In some other age and country that is underneath the
sun.
And again there are the critics always free with cynic
smile,
But the men who really *do* things are **the men worth
while.**

Human progress needs them sadly, they are scarce as
chicken's teeth;
When we meet them every person should be ready with
a wreath;
For they have a world of worries to contend with as
they go,
Added to a world of prophets who predict they'll end
in woe;
And the risks they run to conquer, prove they earn the
fruit of toil,
And that men who really *do* things are **the men worth
while.**

THE COMING OF THE STORK.

Life is full of tense excitement and you may, by taking
thought,
Get enthusiastically into line;

You may catch it on the diamond and, whene'er the ball
is caught,
"Root" for home and jeer to scorn the other nine.

You may catch it on the racetrack when, by betting
ten to one,
You make everybody think you've got a tip;
And again you still may catch it and prolong the race-
track fun,
When admirers find they've got it in the hip.

You may catch it when the battle rages round you on
the plain,
And the enemy are aiming at your head;
When behind there's no retreating o'er the bloody heaps
of slain
And you're waiting to be numbered with the dead.

You may catch it in the mountain, dodging avalanche
of snow,
While you're hunting grizzly bears to beat the
band;
You may catch it on the prairie when you're shooting
buffalo
And an angry bull turns round and makes a stand.

You may catch it in the ocean when a hurricane is on,
And you never have been out before at sea:
Yes, indeed, that's where you'll catch it and you'll wish
you hadn't gone
As you entertain the fishes to your tea.

You may catch it in the river when the rapids catch
your breath;
You may catch it where the breakers crash ashore;
It is in the mob-ruled city—it is on the burning heath—
Or where sweetheart's father points you to the
door.

But, bedad; as Pat would say it—If you want the
rarest kind,
The kind that makes you chipper as a cork:
That keeps you months a-dancing and yet keeps you
dancing blind,
It's when waiting for the coming of the stork.

THE HEIGHTS BEYOND.

Have you ever faced the boulders that are hanging o'er
the steep?
Have you ever clung to brambles to enable you to
creep?
Have you ever strained and struggled as you made the
rough ascent?
Have you felt your foothold crumble as along your
way you went?
Have you ever looked below you and grown dizzy with
the sight?
Till you've turned for very safety to the overhanging
height?
Have you ever, faint and weary, seen the brow that
frowns above?
Have you ever thanked your heaven that you soon
would on it move?
Have you then refreshed with promise of the rest you
there would gain
With redoubled efforts clambered up the last crags
that remain,
Then all breathless stood upon them—when behold!
before you dawned,
Not the summit of the mountain but the greater heights
beyond.

So it is in Life's long journey, we find hills we'd fain
surmount

And we start to climb the ramparts, strewn with ills
we cannot count.

Blest with youth and health and vigor, we pick out our
devious way,

Fixing e'en the quiet shelter where at last our load will
lay :

And as we overcome each ill between us and our goal,
We rise by slow degrees and cheer our all inspiring soul,
Along the rugged path whereon we pant and strive and
sweat,

By whispering that yonder is the prize we soon shall
get.

And when, by seeming Titan power, we do at last
succeed

In getting where we thought, full sure, would be suc-
cess indeed :

When lo ! We prove we've just begun to see the
object fond ;

And if we still would win it, we must scale the heights
beyond.

There they stand serene and lovely and much clearer
to the eye,

Than when first from out the valley we looked on them
in the sky.

How they beckon to the climber ! How they smile
upon the view !

How their snowcapped peaks are outlined and enhal-
lowed by the blue.

Round us still great chasms are yawning—huge ravines
must yet be crossed,

Nor may we retreat in safety for our footprints have
been lost.

On all hands grim troubles threaten and we'll have to
suffer still,

And be careful of the snowslide and each other name-
less ill.

But behold! Around the summit all the gorges seem
to cease—
There is there no sign of danger—there is there
eternal Peace.
Let us then climb on in patience till we've paid Life's
greatest bond,
And within Nirvana's portal reach at last the Heights
Beyond.

IS YOUR TITLE CLEAR ?

Can you read your title clearly to your land?
Does the abstract prove a seizin that will stand?
Has your lawyer made a search?
Do the records show a smirch?
Are you satisfied you've got it at command?
Spite of claim or cloud or flaw
Spite of tax sale, lien or law—
Can you read your title clearly to your land?

Can you read your title clearly to your wealth?
Did you earn it by your merit or by stealth?
Is your money bathed in blood?
Did you find it in the mud?
Did you get it at the price of helper's health?
Was it gambled for and lost?
Is it yours at honor's cost?—
Can you read your title clearly to your wealth?

Can you read your title clearly to your power?
Is it permanent or only for the hour?
Can you bank upon your sway?
Will it bring you through the fray?
Will your victim always look at you and cower?
Is it founded on a rock?
Is it partly made of talk?—
Can you read your title clearly to your power?

Can you read your title clearly to your name?
Do you whisper it without a twinge of shame?
Is there someone else should wear
Any laurels that you bear?
By exposure could he rob you of your fame?
Are you really staunch and true?
Can we class you with the few?—
Can you read your title clearly to your name?

Can you read your title clearly to your friend?
Is he yours through thick and thin till life shall end?
Have you knit him to your soul?
Do you know his final goal?
Can you swear that when you need him he'll attend?
Has your love for him been pure?
Will it evermore endure?—
Can you read your title clearly to your friend?

Can you read your title clearly to your hope?
Have you figured out exactly heaven's scope?
Have you got a noble mind?
Are you in the least confined?
On the path you choose to travel do you grope?
Is the place you aim to reach
In the woods or on the beach?—
Can you read your title clearly to your hope?

Can you read your title clearly to the sky?
Have you earned in spite of strife a home on high?
Can you meet the pauper's gaze?
Do the helpless sing your praise?
Do the victims of misfortune know you're nigh?
Will your life that we have seen
Suit the lowly Nazarene?—
Can you read your title clearly to the sky?

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

(From a business man's standpoint).

I am insured. I fear no fire:
The flames may dance to heaven and higher.
I've paid the price to gain relief—
A newer house will end my grief.
My home is mine by double right:
Though burned it rises through the blight;
E'en by the ashes I'm secured:
I fear no fire—I am insured.

I am insured. I fear no wind:
Tornadoes can no longer blind.
Great hurricanes may come and go—
My roof to yonder yard may blow—
But in the tempest I can see
My hope inspiring policy.
Though howling storm is faithless steward:
I fear no wind—I am insured.

I am insured. I fear no thief:
From burglary I've bought relief.
The midnight prowler takes his gain—
He robs me but he robs in vain.
E'en though my valuables depart,
I'm proof against his sneaking art;
Though by his wiles my wealth is lured:
I fear no thief—I am insured.

I am insured. I fear no chance:
I smile at Fate and break his lance.
No accident can make me quail;
Nor do I failing health bewail:
Misfortunes that on these depend
Are now forever at an end:
What can't be cured must be endured:
I fear no chance—I am insured.

I am insured. I fear no death:
I'm now resigned to fleeting breath.
My passing comes but in its train,
My loved ones face no paupers' pain:
One prop is gone but in its place,
Another comes by saving grace:
Though long I have the grave adjured,
I fear no death—I am insured.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF POETS.

One said (and in the saying laughed to scorn the poet's
art)

That the day of poesy had long gone by;
So I asked her when she said it, if she'd ever learned
by heart

A poem, a verse, a line—to tell me why?
And she faltered that her Shakespeare was an ever
present friend

Whose wise lines were interwoven with her
prayers;
That indeed there were some later poets, too, she
might defend:

As they often with their balm relieved her cares.

And I smiled, nor further questioned as I passed along
my way—

In her soul she was a poet like the rest;
For the world is full of poets; 'tis the poets' happiest
day;

There is scarce a mortal born not one confessed.
Would you further prove my dictum? would you know
yourself aright?

Would you test the inner sight and search the core?
Then I ask you, have you ever, in the stilly hours of
night,

Heard the moaning of the surf along the shore?

Have you heard it whisper danger? Have you shud-
dered with affright?

Have you seen the wraiths of kindred gone before,
Who had failed to heed the warning and who vanished
in the night;

In the night within the surf along the shore?
Or have you heard its music in the sunlight of the day-
time?

Have you seen it clap its hands for very joy?
Have you dreamed, while looking at it, of a long past
youthful gay time
Of a pleasure like the surf without alloy?

Have you ever watched the embers of a fire within the
grate,
When the gloaming crept around your curtained
room?

Have you wondered what you saw there? Was it
fancy? Was it Fate?

Till you lost yourself within the gathering gloom?
And at first you see a schoolfriend—then a sweet-
heart—comes before you

Then a dearer—ever dearer fills the view;
Till from out the glowing ashes comes an echo “I adore
You”

And you rouse yourself to see, can it be true?

Have you ever in a churchyard walked along with foot-
steps slow

Till you come within the precincts of a vault?
Have you felt the eery impulse to squint sideways as
you go?

Have you seemed to hear a voice demanding
“Halt?”

Have you stopped—then on your tiptoe ventured in
beyond the portal,

Have you held your breath and dared not turn
your head?

Have you shivered and grown ghastly, then remem-
bered you were mortal
And retired as one returning from the dead?

Have you looked upon the cloudlets as they flitted o'er
the sky?
And beheld them, as they scampered, change their
shape?

Have you suddenly grown thoughtful and recognized
on high

The outline of some well remembered cape?
Then before you quite could place it it becomes a lion
bold

And is shaking at the heavens its shaggy mane;
Till again your fleeting fancy sees the mass together
rolled,
And it now becomes an Indian of the plain.

See the feathers o'er his forehead! See the blanket
round his frame!

See his hand raised slowly upward as to speak!
Have you almost heard him utter words of menace,
words of blame,

Till within his hand a tomahawk you seek?
Have you then, as slow it faded, been reminded of his
race?

Have you felt a tug of pity at your breast?
Have you moralized why progress must his progeny
efface?

If you have, then in that moral lies a test.

Have you ever been to dreamland and, while there,
have had a call

From a friend you had forgotten many years?

Have you ever in your slumbers seen the writing on
the wall—

Till you've mingled with resolves repentant tears?
Have you ever seen a vision of the glorious heights
above?

Have you fancied that they beckoned you to climb?
Have you listened in the silence to the gentle voice of
love?

Have you heard o'er worldly din the heavenly
chime?

Has the touch of baby fingers—has the prattle of a
child

Ever spurred you into battle for the right?

Has the innocence of virtue ever curbed your passion
wild,

And you've given to injured weakling of your
might?

Has the pansy or the lily, or the little blushing rose,

Ever seemed to you more human than a flower?

Has the greatness of the mountain, crowned by never
melting snows,

Ever preached to you a sermon for the hour?

Has one query here put to you, of a former fate re-
called?

Can you answer "yes" to one in point of fact?

If you can, my friend, you need not ever more become
appalled

At the "afflatus divine" you thought you lacked.

For whoever has in fancy with Dame Nature held
communion;

Whoever has in silence heard a voice;

Is an Adept and a Prophet and can join the Poet's
Union;

Has a right among the Seers to rejoice.

It may chance our rhyme is faulty—it may chance we're
not inspired

And the flights we have remain within ourself;
Or, perhaps, the great occasion has not yet our bosom
fired,

And we're plodding low to gather vulgar pelf:
If howe'er some other rhymers with a line can cheer
our way:

Even this will make us stand the poet's test:
For the world is full of poets; 'tis the poet's happiest
day—

There is scarce a mortal born not one confessed.

THE PASSING OF "WEARY WILLIE."

In remembrance of a fellow sufferer in an Irish law office,
who had numerous peculiarities and who finally left his position
of cashier to become a clergyman in England. While in the
office he had studied his way through Trinity College. The
night work naturally made him "tired" in the day.

Now no more will "Weary Willie" tell us how the
tram was late;

Now no more we'll hear of vigils to explain an aching
pate;

Now the bottle with the milk in never more will be in
sight;

Now no dockets will be wanted—now at last the cash
is right;

Now McShane looks sad and lonely, no one calls him
"face divine;"

Now Biggs waxes 'dark and gloomy—since he's gone
who urged him shine;

Now when 'prentice lads discover all unfilled the
"bosses" chair,

No demoniac shrieks of torture will disturb the office
air;

Now the pride of landed gentry will no longer be our
talk;

Now the precedence of lawyers over clergy none will
mock;

Now, alas, our pal has left us and a tear each eye
bedims;

While beyond the waste of waters "Weary Willie's"
singing hymns.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS FIRSTBORN.

Welcome, little stranger, welcome to our home;
If you find it meagre, hope for more to come:
All we have is yours, and we're yours as well;
Welcome, little stranger! Lord, how you can yell!

I'm your father, youngster; that's your mother there;
It was us who brought you to this world of care.
We are glad we did it, but it's hard on you,
That is why we offer home and service too.

That is why we promise that our life shall be
Consecrated always to our fealty:
We have long expected such as you to come;
Gracious, how you're squirming! sure you do look rum.

But I know you're ours. Here's my hand on that.
Kiss your father, darling. (Gee, don't that sound 'pat')
Kiss your mother too, dear; she deserves it most;
For your sake already she was near a ghost.

Welcome, little stranger. Welcome to our home!
Clap your hands like that, lad, for your dad to come:
All we have is yours and we wish you bliss.
Welcome, little stranger—here's another kiss.

COUNTRY MATTERS.

In memory of the celebration of Dominion Day, at Chicago during the World's Fair, 1893, and of the speeches of Carter Harrison, the Mayor, and J. S. Locke, a Canadian Commissioner.

Says Uncle Sam to Canada
"My Dear, I like your style;
"If you'll be true
"I'll marry you—
"Sure that is worth your while."

Says Canada to Uncle Sam
"You flatter me, dear mister;
"For your great nerve
"You much deserve—
"So I will be your sister."

"But surely, Miss, says Uncle Sam,
"You cannot blame my notion;
"Since parallel
"Our countries dwell
"From ocean unto ocean?"

"Indeed, that's true," says Canada,
"Your notion seems complete;
"So to be fair,
"We two may pair—
"When parallels shall meet."

ON THIS DAY THE BICYCLE GIRL COMPLETES HER THIRTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

(With apologies to Byron).

Like one forlorn she rides along;
No dudish glances near her stray;
Her bloomers now attract no throng—
She's had her day.

The chic of her new woman ways,
Though once a never failing charm,
A victim to the cycling craze,
Has come to harm.

Of old she set the town agape,
As through its streets she whirled so fast;
Of late, with limbs bent out of shape,
She wobbles past.

Her days are in the yellow leaf;
The jaunty airs of youth are flown;
A face that looks like sculptured beef
Is hers alone.

MUNCHAUSEN'S ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

I was galloping, galloping over the border,
'Twixt Prussia and Russia in days that are past;
Over snowdrift and prairie with October ardor,
My good grey mare Peggy was galloping fast:

When suddenly out of a thicket there darted
The hungriest wolf that I ever have seen;
And galloping, galloping after me started
With blood in his eye and a murderous mien.

The race seemed quite hopeless, but yet, nothing
daunted,

Poor Peggy I pestered with torturing whip;
And she galloped and galloped and panted and panted;
But plain from the first she was losing her grip.

The breath of the wolf I soon felt on my shoulder,
And seeing him quickly preparing to spring,
I dodged and thus happily lived to grow older,—
For o'er me he flew like a vulture on wing.

On galloping Peggy's hind-quarters he landed,
And straightway began to make good his repast;
While I kept on whipping, though now weary handed,
Determined to keep up our speed to the last.

And so while my whip on poor Peggy was falling,
The wolf was devouring her out of her skin;
For as each huge mouthful—the tale is appalling—
Was torn from her carcase the monster went in.

Till, would you believe it, (for once I was lucky),
That wolf in the harness soon found himself
caught,
And as I had heard that, far other than plucky,
The grit of a wolf could be counted as naught:

I doubled my blows and by cleverest reining,
I kept up the gallop that never had ceased;
And just as the shadows of even were waning,
A light in the distance my courage increased.

So steadily onward—no horse ever matched him—
That wolf made a record unheard of before;
Till once in the village the natives despatched him,
And safe out of danger my gallop was o'er.

THE SOON-TO-BE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Alaska, as everybody knows, is a very large territory. In the absence of a civilized population, which was largely the case when this poem was written, this vastness of area has some disadvantageous sides to it. In no way, however, is it so annoying as at the semi-annual sittings of the district court, when, in order to get a grand jury together, subpœnas have to be sent out over a distance of several hundred miles. The court is usually held at Sitka, the capital, although by far the greater number of jurors have to be summoned from Juneau, the largest town—unfortunately, some 200 miles away. The Juneauites do not like this three-week compulsory vacation. In fact, old records, doctors' certificates, etc., etc., are never in

such great demand. Those, however, who are compelled to go, make the best of a bad bargain, and consequently quiet, dreamy, old Sitka is like a pandemonium while the "boys" are there. It was on one of these occasions that the poem below first saw the light. It was published in the *Juneau Mining Record* a few days before the "courting" citizens were expected back; and although the author would not have faced Goldsmith for the world after imitating him so badly, it gave him considerable satisfaction, a few hours after its anonymous publication, to have an old timer in the country recite the poem almost from beginning to end before an applauding audience, with the ejaculation: "Gentlemen, that tells you all you want to know about Sitka."

Sweet Sitka, loveliest village of the wild,
Undimmed attraction to the wandering child;
Where Fall and Winter 'merged in one do stay
Till tardy Spring their torrents drives away;
And where, when Summer comes, thy lonely charms
to kiss,
No other clime can boast such short-lived reign of bliss,
How often have I climbed thy castle's height serene;—
And gazed abroad amazed, upon the varied scene,
Close bounded by the tombs upon a neighb'ring steep,
Where rude forefathers of the savage Siwash sleep.
How oft in pensive mood through native ranch I've
strolled,
Or by the barracks grim and Russian buildings old;
Beside the great Greek church, the tumble-down fire
hall;
The aged, worn-out mill, and Mission buildings all;
Or paced that only road, to lovers doubly dear,
That leads to nature's haunts and Indian river near.
But Sitka, like sweet Auburn, of whose fate we all have
read,
Is dying, slowly dying—after court she will be dead.

ON SELLING A POEM

A poet addresses his sister in the following manner:

My dear forerunner from the self same womb;
Who came to warn the world I too might come;

Attend my lay!

Or, if too prudish, better go thy way;
For I feel funny now—I'm prone to shout—
What's in me, like black murder, sure will out.

And yet for all my glee, I wish you'd stay;
Since I have something simply grand to say—

A sweet bon mot;

Indulge my fever, ere away you go,
And for a time I'll hold unruly tongue
In check, that you may catch its song.

For 'tis a song of promise and of hope;
I have Miss Fame so tethered with a rope

She cannot budge;

And if on me her smiles she seems to grudge;
Great Caesar's ghost! the flirt's within my power,
And she will rue it if she looks too sour.

You—who long since have seen me “mewl and puke—”
As Shakespeare says—(so vain is shocked rebuke),

And rocked my cot,

And wished me, when I howled, in warmer spot—
I have no doubt—you now can sympathize
With the wild shriek I send to higher skies.

You, whom I teased, boylike, to make you mad;
Then fought and scratched and tore your clothes egad,

And then sneaked off;

Till you grew wise and laughed at painless chaff;
And learned that wit assailed by vulgar force
Gains with the contact power to clear its course.

You, sister mine, with whom through crowded years
I've swapped my shames my pleasures and my tears—

Matched woe with woe—

Now listen to my latest thrill before you go:

I've sold a poem. Rah! there goes my hat!

Three cheers for Ireland and a kiss for Pat!

DRAFTS—A SUBSTANTIVE.

That would seem to have more than one meaning

A Burdened Beast neighed his despair,
Then kicked across the shafts;
But all in vain his efforts were
To get aloof from "draughts."

A Boy remarked with candor free
That "draughts" were "dull as lead;"
"Because," said he, "I cannot see
"More than one move ahead."

A Draughtsman, asked to make a draught,
Did all he could to shirk;
"Because," said he, "'twould drive one daft,
Draughts are so much like work."

A Typist raised her voice to show
That law work was not clover;
But "drafts" she called her chiefest woe
For they must be done over.

A Tourist, sobered down with years,
The use of "drafts" decried;
Since one, to calm each payer's fears,
Must be identified.

A Lubber showed his sailing skill
By preference for rafts
And gave for reason "they'd not fill;
Because rafts have no draughts."

A Captain bold objected much
To "drafts" upon his men;
But Generals are like the Dutch
They do the same again.

A Sage stroked down his hoary beard
When men on "drafts" discussed
And shivered out in accents weird:
"Drafts" prove we are but dust.

While thus at drafts fly venom'd shafts
From youth as well as age;
'Tis well to think, that, when we drink,
Good "draughts" our thirsts assuage.

AN IDEAL TIME.

In memory of a private picnic which was arranged for, but—!

Across the stream, amid the trees
And fragrant fields of grass,
Each lad of our acquaintance good
Asked o'er some charming lass.

A fire of brushwood soon was built,
O'er which a pot was hung;
Filled from a spring of Adam's ale
We found the hills among.

The contents soon began to boil,
And then we had some tea;
And those who don't believe we ate
Should have been there to see.

We cleaned the baskets one by one,
Of their delicious load,
Of fish and meat and cakes and pie
And berries *à la mode*.

But luncheon o'er we quick began
To skip and play quite curious,
In fact, to quote from Bobby Burns,
The fun grew "fast and furious."

A lovely time indeed was spent
With hammocks, swings and such;
While tennis, quoits and croquet, too,
Took up attention much.

'Twas midnight past before we thought
Of ending up the day,
And then with ev'ry basket light
We homeward bent our way.

The only drawback to our sport,
Amid those fields of grass,
Was this,—a trifling one, 'tis true—
It never came to pass.

THE FLEDGLING'S FATE.

In a nest lined with leaves,
'Neath the sheltering eaves,
A fledgling once railed at its fate;
Saying: Why should I sigh,
While other birds fly;
Yet lazily sit here and wait.

I too have got wings,
And can use them it sings;
Nor will I mope longer alone;
Let me once leave this nest,
And I'll soar with the best
E'en though I be only half grown.

But it found to its cost,
How in vain was such boast;
As it pressed from its eave-covered shed;
For it dropped with a groan
On a pavement of stone,
Where it fluttered and gasped and was dead.

Let us learn by the fall,
Of this fledgling so small,
That, to soar, we must first know the way.
If success we would share;
For attainment *prepare*;
Nor expect to be great in a day.

THAT FLEA.

Ah! there I've caught you in the very act;
Fiend, who the quiet of my leisure wracked;
Now never more your movements will distract;
I have you firm.
Safe 'twixt my fingers, all in vain your tact;
There must you squirm.

Black breasted villain, would that with like ease,
I might now crush with one unsparing squeeze,
From all your kind the life that can so tease
Poor tortured man;
And once for aye annihilate all fleas
From out the land.

Then might I gain a sweet and full revenge,
And for your bites one fatal pinch exchange;—
Gladly your corpses in a row I'd range
 That all might see,
How I had rid mankind of more than mange—
 The genus flea.

But why so quiet? Are you stilled at last?
Why yield so quickly to the fateful blast?
Hush! Till I gaze and gloat upon the ghost
 Of one laid low;
And happy, view how life and death contrast
 In conquered foe.

But hold! My all too ready boast is vain.
Not even one of hated hosts is slain.
E'en while I talked my slippery coated bane
 Elusive fled:
And down my back I feel his fangs again—
 Would I were dead.

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK.

One of the fashionable breathing spaces for London, England.

Morning.

Along the Row to Marble Arch
Wealth's famed procession passes by;
Sweet ladyships with glancing eye,
And lordships stiff in shining starch:
A gaitered foot, a stove pipe head,
An upturned nose, with wine grown red,
A purple robe, a stately strut,
Ringed ears to all but flatt'ry shut:
List to the nothings that they say,
As each proud group goes on its way.
They're happy in their little game,

And I will be the last to squeal;
For I confess it to my shame
I know exactly how they feel.

Afternoon.

Wild speakers on imported stumps;
Surrounded by excited mobs,
Tell how the rich the poor man robs,
And with one hand the other thumps.
The tortured air is full of saws
About the curse of wealth-made laws;
Till on the outskirts of a crowd
Some doubting Thomas swears aloud,
Then walks away in arch disgust,
While after him flies parting thrust.
Perhaps reforms are born that way;
I cannot blame e'en useless zeal;
I've tried reforming in my day,
And know how happy zealots feel.

Evening.

The moonlight streams near shady seat
Secluded from the worldly breeze;
Where lips with vows fond hearts would ease,
Yet hearts uneased with loudness beat.
To rest and count the stars I'm fain;
But for a nook I search in vain;
'Tis lovers' hour within the Park,
And each still nook and cranny dark,
Is lighted by love's spluttering wick—
Whose splutter sounds like pistol click.
I must begone—I dare not stay—
Tight, straining arms my doom will seal;
Poor things it is their happiest day.
I've felt the raptures lovers feel.

MARY, THE SCOTTISH FISHWIFE, AND HER
DOG.

Mary had a little dog,
With teeth just like a shark;
And ev'rything that Mary said,
Would make that doggie bark.

It followed her to town each day,
Though not against her wish,
For it appears her aim in life
Was selling "caller" fish.

And when she sang her humble cry
Upon the stone-paved street,
The dog to help was never shy,
But loud her voice did greet.

And as she marches on her way,
The dog ne'er far behind,
With shaking tail and panting breath,
Much custom helps to find.

For when the people hear that bark,
They know that May is nigh;
And haste to get their dishes out,
That they some fish may buy.

But should some evil disposed one
His mistress try to rob,
That dog is there with sharkish teeth,
To make the culprit sob.

And as this world goes on apace,
And grows and fades the heather,
These simple two are never seen
Except they are together.

And as they travelled on through life,
Their friends found out at length
Their well proved motto had been this:—
In unity is strength.

MIAMI'S GREAT SHOW.

They may talk of the World's Fair at Paris,
And the sights that were there to be seen;
They may think that Chicago could harass
And make smaller ventures look mean:
But we know that they all are mistaken;
Such exhibits will scarcely compare—
(If the same things from each should be taken—)
With Dade county's wonderful Fair.

What with orange and grapefruit and lemon,
With tangerine, pawpaw and lime;
With pineapple, pepper, persimmon
And mango (to keep up the rhyme)
With compte, kohl-rabi, cassava,
Figs, dates, pomegranates in store,
Sapodilla delicious and guava,
And mellow bananas galore;

With pears avocado, tomatoes,
And turnips and lettuces sweet;
With plantains, peas, beans and potatoes
With cocoanut, olive and beet;
With cauliflower, carrot and onion
And cucumbers juicy and cool;
With corn—yes, but not any bunion—
(Which is named to keep metre in rule.)

What with parsnips and parsley and Dutch-like
Green cabbage and celery head;
Asparagus, spinach and such like

And strawberries, luscious and red;
What with sugar cane, melon and kumquat;
With pumpkins of every grade;
With egg-plants and okra and what not:
All grown in the gardens of Dade.

All ripened by tropical sunshine,
And seasoned with Everglade dew;
Such trophies from hammock and high pine
On no other soil ever grew;
Let them talk of Chicago and Paris
Let them even take Eden in tow—
But nothing they say can embarrass
Or belittle Miami's Great Show.

MISTAKES OF THE MUSES.

"Apropos the letter of Geo. W. Wilson of the T. U. & C. in a certain issue of the "News" which we reproduce* hereunder, and of the various editorials throughout the State of Florida with regard to the Dade County Fair and its influence in redeeming the reputation of the editor of the Homeseeker, a sweet singer of Dade County rises to the occasion in the following flights:"

IN MEMORIAM E. V. B.

(Before the Fair.)

Here "lies" Brother Blackman, who in death as in life
Still holds to the habit that caused him such strife;
If the soil where he's planted is rich, as he said,
Then look out for more lies—he'll not long be dead.

(After the Fair.)

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Since the words above written were cut in cold stone
The Miami Fair makes all Florida moan.
Salt tears to scared eyes now for Blackman are welling:
For sure he'll be back here—'twas truth he was telling.

*OFFICE OF FLORIDA TIMES-UNION AND CITIZEN.
Jacksonville, Fla., April 8, 1901.

EDITOR MIAMI NEWS:

For several years Dr. Blackman has represented the Times-Union and Citizen at Miami. He, in the course of this time, has sent many articles to this office on the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of Dade County, and made statements based on what was supposed to be facts—but our blue pencil worked overtime in cutting down and out what was supposed to be extravagant statements, and as we try to make the columns of the Times-Union and Citizen truthful, we slashed liberally. But now I come to make a very frank, open apology to Dr. Blackman, because of the injustice done him in the past, and the Dade County Fair brought about this penitence.

What if Dr. Blackman had written for the Times-Union and Citizen a descriptive article of the products displayed there, confining himself to the truth literally, and forwarded to the editorial department without my knowledge of this wonderful exhibition? I would have cut it down one-half, slashed out with the cold-blooded blue pencil all about the big cabbages, Irish potatoes, squash, ripe watermelons, celery, and many other things—but now—we shall print all that the Doctor writes. Forgive us. He has been telling the truth these many years, and we have sinned. Yours,

GEO. W. WILSON.

VANCOUVER.

What, with its promise as the terminus of the greatest railway in America, its proximity to the Silver Mines of Kootenay and its being the outfitting point for the Gold Mines of Fraser River, Cariboo, Cassiar, and last, but not least, the Klondike, the name of the Metropolis of British Columbia has become a magic word in the East, and from what follows was quite as powerful as the word "Excelsior" to lure a youth to his doom.

The summer's sun was waning low
Behind a western hillock's brow;
As, by a little pamphlet caught,
An Eastern youth first grasped the thought,—
"Vancouver."

As if by instinct forth he drew
His purse, and searched it through and through;
And as enough he there espied
To pay his way, he loudly cried,—
"Vancouver."

"What! What is that?" the old man said,
"You are not fit to earn your bread."
He turned, and fire flashed from his eye,
As half suppressed all heard this cry,—
"Vancouver."

His many friends gave kind advice,
And from his purpose to entice
Tried ev'ry means they could conceive;
But with this word he took his leave,—
"Vancouver."

"Oh, do not go!" the maiden sighed,
With look that would a god have tried;
But true unto his purpose still,
He answered back, in accents shrill,—
"Vancouver."

Great cities smiled to take him in
As on his way he heard their din;
But on their flatt'ring smiles he frowned,
And in this shriek their din was drowned,—
"Vancouver."

Across the prairie, wild and wide,
His onward course he daily hied;
Though shot on shot he saw at game,
His course and song was still the same,—
"Vancouver."

The Rocky mountains soon at hand,
He scaled their heights not yet unmanned;
And clambered over cliff and ford,
Repeating oft the self-same word—
"Vancouver."

Through gorge and canyon lies his way,
His purse—not spirit—fails each day;
For nothing daunted, on he hies,
And echoes answer from the skies,—
“Vancouver.”

At last, quite “broke,” he sights the town;
The natives greet him with a frown:
Too great the shock, he forward falls,
But dying, still that cry recalls,—
“Vancouver.”

And now he lies unwept, unsung,
The scarred and straggling stumps among;
While not far from the unhonored dead
Goes on with brisk and busy tread,—
“Vancouver.”

BECAUSE OF THE IRISH THAT'S IN ME.

This song was written as a contribution to an amateur newspaper called the *Longfellow Literary Review*, read at a meeting of a society of the same name held at Juneau, Alaska, on the 17th of March, 1891.

It was composed just before Parnell's death, and while he was laboring under a cloud occasioned by his expose in the O'Shea divorce suit.

“The Irish that's in me” is that which I obtained from my mother, both of whose parents, I am proud to say, were originally from the land of Erin and Shamrocks.

What makes me feel angry when Ireland's traduced?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why drink I so deep to an Irishman's toast?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

What makes my blood boil, when I think of the laws
(Of hard times in Ireland the positive cause)

Encroaching on freedom, then asking applause?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

What makes me resent being wound like a spool?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why am I so ready to fight for Home Rule?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why do I like Gladstone, can anyone tell?

Why do I make bold to stand up for Parnell?

What makes me remember that angels once fell?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Oh, why am I soothed when "Killarney" is sung?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

And why does Moore's "Tara" to memory cling?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why have I a right to aspire to the fame

Of a Goldsmith's, a Steele's, a Sheridan's name?

For leanings to Gulliver, what is to blame?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why is it I relish an Irishman's wit?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

What sets me uproarious when Pat makes a hit?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

When an Irish girl, roguish, and buxom, and coy,

Smiles sweetly and calls me the broth of a boy;

Why is it I almost flow over with joy?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why is it I always am making mistakes?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why is it I'm prone to say "jabbers and faix"?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

When seventeenth of Ireland 'round on us has worn,

Explain why with Shamrocks my coat I adorn,

Singing gaily "St. Patrick's Day in the Morn"?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why is it I'm careless in fixing my duds?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why am I enamored of murphies and spuds?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

When the "cratur's" around, what makes me so shy?

And why do I watch it with wistfullest eye?

Then find in surprise I'm infernally dry?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why am I a post at which everyone kicks?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why is my poor head a fam'd target for bricks?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why do I forgive and forget ev'ry frown?

And sing to amuse and make friends like a clown?

When ev'ryone's wishing for me to sit down?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

(As an encore)

What makes you all wild now to hear an encore?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

Why on my weak efforts such plaudits you pour?

It's because of the Irish that's in me.

But, friends, I've too often the Blarney stone kissed;

Protection I'll find behind Sullivan's fist;

Defending my honor, your necks he will twist;

All because of the Irish that's in me.

CHRISTMAS, 1890.

At the time these lines were written there were few railroads or telegraph lines in Alaska, and in winter even steamboat connection with the outside world was scarce. The arrival of the bi-monthly steamer with mail and provisions from "below" (as anywhere south of that country is called) was consequently an event of no small moment. At Juneau, Sitka, Wrangel, or, in fact, any of the settlements at which it called, the approach of the steamer at any hour of the day or night was the signal for a hurry and bustle that would do credit to a town ten times

their combined size. Even the usually stoical natives were noticed "to get a move on." The small boys, and many of the bigger ones, too, for that matter, set up a series of catcalls, halloos and yells of "steamboat," which, added to the deep resounding whistle of the vessel as it gave warning of its arrival, made it utterly impossible for anyone to live within a mile of the settlement and not know that the mail boat had arrived. Juneau was composed entirely of "wanderers from home," so that some of the feelings portrayed in "Xmas, 1890" were pretty common property among the prodigals in that far-away part of our continent, many of whom, like the author, were just out of their "teens."

Tidings from home! Glad tidings from home!
Christmas morning, and tidings from home!
Ring out, ye wild bells, till your tongues you destroy;
You cannot interpret a tithe of my joy.

To-day when I wakened from sleep to my fate,
My heart was weighed down with my lonely estate;
In sadness I nurtured each grief and each care;—
The thought that 'twas Christmas increased my despair:
So when out pierced the cry of "Steamboat! the
steamboat!"

A slight choking sensation welled up in my throat;
But on pond'ring a moment, thinks I, with a groan;
There'll be nothing for me, I'm forgotten and lone;
Yet still a faint hope goaded onward my feet
To the post-office building—all Juneau's retreat.
But there in a corner, shame-faced I stood,
Till the crowd had dispersed with their tidings of good;
For I feared to be told with the people around,
That for "Currie, G. G." not a note could be found.
When the office was clear, to the wicket I went,
And with nonchalant air gave anxiety vent;
And then with a quick beating heart in my breast,
Waited doubtfully hopeful to see was I blest:
Imagine my wonder, excuse my surprise,
As incredulous gazing I saw 'fore my eyes,
Not one, but six letters in handwriting dear,
Addressed to myself quite convincingly clear;

I grabbed them elate,—broke open each seal;
And devoured their contents with a feverish zeal;
And my rapture grew greater as I in my glee
Read the heaps of kind wishes there written for me;
For among the loved names that appeared at the ends,
Were those of my father, my sister, and friends.

Tidings from home! Glad tidings from home!
Christmas morning, with tidings from home!
Ring out, ye wild bells, till your tongues you destroy;
You cannot interpret a tithe of my joy.

THE LAST OF 1890.

I sat by the fireside, sobbing, sighing,
To think that the year was slowly dying,
When to stop its course was useless trying,
All power was vain.

Old '90 had lived its allotted space,
It had run Life's short and fitful race,
And would soon join in *en route* to grace
The gospel train.

And as I sat,—saw the embers glowing,
Thinks I, while the wind outside was blowing,
Had '90 for me a healthy showing,
Or otherwise?

And I pondered it o'er with weighty thought,
Recalled each trifling bliss it brought,
But alas! found no great good it wrought,
That I might prize.

The whole year, almost from beginning,
Despite resolves, had found me sinning;
And this kept in my mem'ry dinning,
As there I mused.

Why should I then its death regret?
Ah! there's the rub, that makes me fret:
I'd fain the reason quite forget,
Till more enthused.

You see—or rather— now I'm vexed;
Such prying questions make me mixed;
You should not, Thought, get persons fixed
In such a box.

I liked old '90, spite of trouble,
E'en though my sins increased to double,
Though life seemed scarcely worth a bubble,
To most of folks.

So now, old pard, God speed you well,
And keep you free of far famed h—l;
Some wished you there this long, long spell,—
The rascal crew.

And since young '91 you're here,
I'll stand the treats: cigars or beer?
You're hardly old enough, I fear,
For stronger stew.

But hold! The temp'rance men might shout,
And call me villain out and out;
For tempting you their worth to doubt;
Alack the day!

“So gie's your hand, we'll aye be friends”
(As Sandy says) to make amends;
And that your stay no ill forfends,
We'll trust and pray.

In Juneau, that's where I'm residing,
The boys need someone by for chiding;
I hope you'll do some trusty guiding,
And guard them true.

And when, my friend, your hours are ending,
When life with death is slowly blending,
I think—I know without contending,
I'll sigh for you.

ONLY A SIWASH DOG.

While on a canoe trip from Juneau, Alaska, to the Skeena River, B. C., my companion and I were surprised one morning by the appearance at our camp of a half-starved Eskimo (or Siwash) dog. We were probably one hundred miles from any village or settlement at the time, and of this fact our canine visitor seemed fully aware. It had probably been forgotten on shore by some wandering party of Indians, and coming across our track had concluded that its one last hope for life lay in our generosity. Not being overstocked with provisions, and being unable to tell within two or three days' voyage of our distance from the nearest supply place, we could ill afford the animal a meal. Grateful for what little we did spare, the dog kept our canoe in sight all morning, and when we finally started across the mouth of an inlet—at least four miles across—the poor brute recognized its predicament, and for hours its howls of misery, human almost in their pathos, were wafted over the water as we glided away. It was at least two days after the incident, but while the sound was still ringing in my ears, that being detained on shore by stress of weather I wrote the verses which follow:

Only a Siwash dog, gaunt, ugly and lean;
Too currish to run, yet ashamed to be seen;
Yellow and stunted, of famine the mark;
Worthless, excepting to eat and to bark;
Deserted on shore by his master and friends,
With a shy, furtive look to our camp he descends.

Alone in Alaska—bleak, barren and wild,
Where mountains of rock on each other are piled;
Alone on a strand where encampments are few,
Where mankind is scarce, and where dogkind is too;
Where food is so precious that none could we spare
From hampers already harassingly bare.

Only a Siwash dog, gaunt, ugly and all;
Why worry about it, his earnings are small.
Yet still, as I gaze on that keen, wistful eye,
In search of the place where our eatables lie,
My heart with me pleads and his hunger I feel,
Till pity compels me to give him a meal.

At length we embark and row out from the bay,—
The dog follows hard, on the beach, half a day;
But woe to his hopes for a crossing we make
That leaves him a prisoner far in our wake.
Out stands he on point jutting into the sea
And howl after howl shows his deep misery.

Only a Siwash dog, gaunt, ugly and lean;
Does it matter at all what his ending has been?
Perhaps not; but yet as we paddle along
Commingleing life's struggles with story and song,
Too clear in the pauses I hear on the wind,
That dumb brute's appeals, as we left him behind.

WHAT THE BELLBUOY SAYS.

Near the entrance to San Diego harbor, Cal., there is a large buoy with a fog bell on top, to warn sailors of their proximity to dangerous shoals. It was while on a vessel passing within earshot of the bellbuoy that these lines were composed.

Far out on the surf of a rockbound coast,
The bellbuoy lonely tolls,
And utters its weird, uncanny boast
O'er the deep's uncounted ghoulds.

It rises and falls with the restless tide,—
No sea can immerse its song;
The wind and the wave alike defied,
But strengthen its dong ding dong.
Tolling, tolling, patiently tolling,
Over the billows swelling and rolling,
Dong ding dong, dong ding dong,
Look to your helm, your course is wrong;
Dong ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
This is the bellbuoy's lonely song.

Many a mariner shrouded in fog—
Feeling his doubtful way—
Relies to his cost on compass and log,
Till warned by that timely lay.
We too might be warned as we enter the mist
On Life's beclouded main,
For a voice in our bosom, if we but list,
Is singing the self-same strain.
Tolling, tolling, patiently tolling,
Over Life's billows swelling and rolling,
Dong ding dong, dong ding dong,
Look to your helm, your course is wrong;
Dong ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
This too is conscience's whispered song.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

(Written in North Bend, Oregon, in the Winter of 1891)

They may talk of the West, of the wild, woolly West,
With its valleys and mountains of gold.
Where the bear and the beaver alone can molest
The miner who digs in its mould;
Yet, in spite of its wonders, its wealth, and its weald,
E'en though they be ten times increased,
To my sad, aching heart, they can never impart
The joys that were mine in the East.

It was there that I first saw the light of the day,
And when boyhood upon me had crept,
Where I rambled and gamboled, or, tired out with play,
On pillows of innocence slept;
Where in youth, somewhat sobered, in booklore I delved
To find out its treasures and worth,
Or in social debate with companions sedate,
On subjects abstruse have held forth.

It was there that young Cupid discovered my heart,
And despite all my struggles and wiles
Sent with unerring aim his most dangerous dart,—
For I've been ever since in his toils;
'Twas there, too, ambition first harrowed my brain,
And before I was even aware,
Set me chisel in hand, carving futures in sand,
And building up castles in air.

It is there that my sister, kind-hearted and true,
Plods peacefully onward through life;
And 'tis there that my brother bade early adieu
To earth's pleasure and passion and strife;
It is there 'neath the sod, all oblivious to care,
That my father and mother lie low,
While the grass o'er their graves, in the breeze gently
waves
And beckons wherever I go.

Though to far foreign climes my fleet fate I pursue,
Still my thoughts ever backward do roam,
And I often recall my last ling'ring adieu
To the friends in that dear distant home;
And I sigh for a time which will certainly come,
When my longings and wand'rings have ceased;
Then its thither I'll fly, there to settle and die,
Near my dear native home in the East.

THE EVOLUTION OF NOBILITY.

THE IRON AGE.

In the times of Norman William
He who fain would be a lord,
Had to fight his way to glory,
And with blood bedew his sword.
Then—according to the Saxons—
Greatest peers were greatest knaves;
And they were the noblest Barons
Who had filled most patriot graves.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

In the days of much wived Henry,
And the days of second Charles,
Love became the happy medium
That transformed the rogues to Earls.
Were you then a humble Mister,
You your lowly lot must bear,
Till you got a pretty sister
Or a daughter that was fair.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

But the sword has lost its savor;—
Love and business sometimes clash;—
If you'd *now* be high in favor,
You must pay the price in cash.
Lenient smiles are not unwelcome;
Nor for that a warrior's suit;
Yet if you can *buy* a Dukedom—
You can have the rest to boot.

JUBILEE ODE.

Written in Montreal, Canada, on June 21, 1887, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the crowning of Victoria, queen.

Blow loud and long the trumpets,
Let music fill the air;
Rejoice, rejoice, ye patriots;
Shake off all toilsome care.
Come forth, ye faithful subjects,
And shout the glad'ning strain;
Sing out the glorious gospel—
Victoria still doth reign.

Through fifty long and changing years,
With firm, yet loving hand,
She's carried out a nation's will,
And boldly ta'en her stand;
Her sway is felt o'er land and wave,
And many a distant shore
This day resounds with notes of praise
For her whom we adore.

Then let us all in unison
Sing out the joyful tune;
Our queen in truth wears golden crown,
This twenty-first of June.
Come all ye loyal maidens,
Chant our triumphal glee;
With one accord we'll celebrate
Our Sov'reign's Jubilee.

CANADA.

Oh Canada, thou fairest child,
Of Britain old and strong;
A home-proud bard thy woodnotes wild
Would crystallize in song:

Thy realm so healthy, rich and vast
Is lapped by many a sea;
Thy lakes and rivers unsurpassed
Are emblems of the free.

Thy mountains filled with wealth untold
High up in air do rise;
Their snow cap'd tops in mists of gold
Are hidden from our eyes.
Thy woodlands bloom with lordly pines,
And maples fresh and green.
Thy valleys, cover'd o'er with grain,
Are smiling with its sheen.

May Peace, Prosperity and Power,
Be thine for evermore;
May staunch Integrity, thy dower,
Be known from shore to shore:
May thy good name ne'er tarnish'd be
By tyrant's cruel hand:
This, Canada, I wish for thee,
My own, my native land.

OLD IRELAND FOREVER.

Written for my Irish friends, R. J. H. and J. A. M.

Though Burns and Scott with poets' skill
Have famous made each Scottish rill;
Though Hogg makes many a bosom thrill,
I must confess, I'm Irish still.

Though England, with unwonted zeal,
To Shakespeare's genius may appeal;
Though she may proud of Dickens feel,
I love the land of Swift and Steele.

Though Frenchmen laugh at Molière's mirth,
Or read of Hugo round their hearth:
Though Germans talk of Goethe's worth,
I'm from the land of Goldsmith's birth.

Though Yankees, with a patriot smile,
May praise Longfellow's winning style,
Or talk of Irving all the while,
I'd fain have Moore my hours beguile.

Though poets near and far abroad
Their home and country well may laud,
I still with fervor pray that God
Will bless my own dear Erin's sod.

THE CITY OF FLOWERS

Epistle from the people of Palm Beach, Florida, to their less-favored brethren in the North.

All you who dread Winter, with what it implies,
In the far away realms of Jack Frost;
And you who are stricken when Dame Nature dies,
And would fly from her snows at all cost;
And you, too, who toil, yet are tired of the strife,
And think you've earned leisure to spare;
And you who are seeking a new lease of life
But can find no environment fair;

Oh say, won't you come to our City of Flowers—
To our homes amid greensward and bloom;
Where, while o'er your bleak land the blizzard cloud
lowers,

We are basking in bowers of perfume.
Oh say, won't you come where the palms whisper low,
And the tall oleanders wave free;
Where the royal poincianas, in scarlet aglow,
Are bowing and beckoning to thee?

Oh say, won't you come and enjoy, while you may,
The enchantment of Tropical skies;
And see the famed sunsets that hallow our day,
And the love-storied moonlight we prize.
Oh say, won't you come and breathe zephyrs of
health,
In a bourne where youth ceases its flight;
Where the days creep upon us with unperceived
stealth,
And we dream away care in a night?

Oh come, and be charmed with our redbird's bright
wing,
With the plumes of the lovely bluejay;
And list to the songs that the mockingbirds sing—
Feel the throb of our whippoorwill's lay.
Oh say, won't you come and be clasped in the brine,
Of the Southland's warm billowy wave,
As it flashes and glints in the merry sunshine,
Or breaks at our feet as we lave?

Won't you come and hook "kings" from our ocean-
swept pier?
Won't you troll for lake trout as we sail?
Won't you follow the fawn in our Everglades near;
And encamp on the Seminole's trail?
Or come, if you will, and be one at the feast
That we offer of grapefruit and pine;
Of the orange and banana and mango—nor least,
Of the pear avocado divine.

Oh say, won't you come—or if Fashion's the wile
That must lure you from Boreal Blast;
We can boast in "The Season" society's smile,
And of "functions" a daily repast.

Then come! Oh, do come! to our City of Flowers,
And partake of our bliss we beseech!
In the North leave Earth's storms and exchange them
for showers
Of the Heaven that you'll find at PALM BEACH.

HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA.

Royal Poinciana! Hostelry complete!
Monarch of Inns and chief of all resorts!
Within thy walls, about thy beauteous courts,
Meander guests from many a far retreat.

Luxurious ease upon the grandest scale
Presents itself to all who woo thy bliss;
Music and wine and mayhap Siren's kiss
Conspire to hold them in thy pleasant pale.

Strength, beauty, wisdom, coronets and power,
Are all attracted by thy multi charms;
And in their freedom from outside alarms
Inside thy gates would stretch each honeyed hour.

Diamonds and sparkling eyes in conflict rare,
Venus disdainful though Adonis pleads,
Statesmen and magnates in unstudied deeds,
Might well entice the most fastidious stare.

But these are merely items in the bill,
Relieved by backgrounds in some palm tree grove,
Where golfers gather, or where nimrods rove,
And catch complainings of the whippoorwill.

Thy ball room floor, where happy couples meet,
With grace and chivalry revives the eyes;
Thy vast rotunda while "The Season" vies,
The world concedes is "Fashion's very seat."

Royal Poinciana! Millionaires' delight!
Goal of the tourist, antipodes of care!
Where is there Inn that can with thee compare?
Where is resort where time makes quicker flight?

MUNYON'S ENCHANTED ISLE.

Come all ye frost enshrouded,
Come ye, by earthquake tost;
Come ye, by storm o'erclouded,
And ye in blizzard lost;
From lowland and from highland,
From mountain, vale and plain
En route to Munyon's Island
Come, join the crowded train.

The way may seem to weary,
The journey may be long;
But what at first is dreary,
Will end in flowers and song.
For in a dreamy ocean,
Beneath Floridian skies,
The Isle of our devotion
In tropic grandeur lies.

Chameleons in the banyans
Display their opal hues;
And redbirds vie with bluebirds
Their brightness to diffuse;
Orange blossoms scent the breezes
That waft o'er land and sea;
While song of mocker pleases
And fills the air with glee.

Tall palms are proudly waving
A welcome to the host,
To test Hotel Hygiea—
The gourmet's loudest boast.
To come and try the fishing,
The boating and the views;
And thus instead of wishing,
IN FACT dull care to lose.

From out Hygiea's watchtower
You'll see Worth's ebbing tide
Pass gaily thro' the Inlet
To swell Atlantic wide;
You'll see great ocean liners
Upon the near gulfstream,
Low down by treasure laden,
Drag trains of smoke and steam.

The shell-strewn shore lies whitening
As o'er its length you scan,
From Coniff's Island hermitage
To lone Manalapan;
At Jupiter, the lighthouse
Stands out by night or day,
While yonder is the Everglades,
A few short miles away.

You'll see Mangonia pine fields
And Riviera's groves;
And fancy woodnymphs sporting
In fair Lantana's coves.
Here Juno's sawgrass marshes,
There Hypoluxo's farms,
Or gay Palm Beach in easier reach—
All lend their varied charms.

Then, come ye frost enshrouded,
And ye by earthquake tost;
And ye by storm o'erclouded
And ye in blizzard lost;
From lowland and from highland
From mountain, vale and plain;
Come rest on Munyon's Island
And renewed youth obtain.

CAST UP BY THE SEA.

Just above high water mark on the beach at Boca Ratone, Palm Beach County, Florida, there is a lonely grave in which lie the remains of a young woman washed ashore some years ago. There was no clue whatever as to her identity or as to whether it was a case of shipwreck or suicide, and so to save the County expense the sheriff ordered her buried close to the place where she was found.

At Boca Ratone, where the beach is wide,
And the surf breaks fierce on the flowing tide;
From billowy depths as they toss and roar—
The form of a woman was washed ashore.

From billowy depths of unlimited sea—
How far she had come was a mystery!
No loved one had followed to whisper her worth—
To tell of her country—to tell of her birth.

Alone had she drifted from vacant deep—
Alone and all silent in Death's blank sleep:
'Twas nought to her now that the fickle wave
Had even refused her a watery grave.

Nor nothing indeed that the shifting sand,
And the unsought aid of a stranger's hand,
Had offered a haven of rest at last
On the flowery land where her corse was cast.

Whatever her story—how weary or sad,
How noble and earnest, how awful, how glad:
It is here at an end and the glancing foam
Weeps misty tears by her last, long home;

And the swaying palmettoes that shelter her bed,
To the winds make moan o'er the unknown dead;
While travelers hushed by the ocean's boom,
Hear sermons from God at that lonely tomb.

DELRAY TO PROSPER IN SPITE OF THE DEVIL.

An application of the art of poetry to the science of developing real estate. Delray is a Michigan Colony located 18 miles south of Palm Beach, Florida, and, owing to its central location close to the Everglades, is rapidly forging ahead. It is the author's pleasure to own some of the Earth at Delray, and in developing the same, used the following verses as an advertisement:

The Devil came to me one night in my dreams,
And addressed me with fire in his eye,
And asked me why I was frustrating his schemes,
And assured me his vengeance was nigh.

With the utmost of meekness I told the old gent,
He surely had made some mistake;
I had no intent to do aught he'd resent
And I could not recall any "break."

Said he (and his words fairly sizzled with heat)
"You are helping to prosper my foe;
"You are building up places where I have no seat
"And where I'm denied the least show."

"Denied the least show! Where you have no seat!
"What mean you great Satan I pray?"
"I mean," and blue flames seemed to stream from his
feet,
"YOU ARE MAKING A TOWN OF DELRAY!"

"Me make a town! Don't fool yourself Nick,
"I'm simply the handmaid of Fate."
"Too true," said the Devil, "and that makes me sick,
"And is why I now threaten my hate."

"So remember, though Hell cannot stop Delray's
growth,

"Because it is bound to succeed.

"Unless You desist (and then followed an oath)

"I'll get knockers to make you give heed."

"Then," said I, "if Delray is dead sure of success,

"I care not a straw for your threat:

"Let the knockers begin with their knocks and their din,

"I can stand it if they can YOU BET."

With this parting thrust I awoke, and behold!

Old Nick had quite vanished away;

But he made good his threat, for his agents are yet

Knocking vainly FAST GROWING DELRAY.

CARRY A HIGH IDEAL.

Carry a high ideal. Better on crusts to feed
Than give the tempter heed. Better a humble cot
That is yours by honest lot, than live in a palace fair
With turrets high in air, if its foundation stones
Must cover victims' bones—were purchased with
others' blood.

Carry a high ideal. Better to not believe
Than like hypocrite deceive. Better a heathen's fear,
If in that you can be sincere. Better to grope in doubt
Hoping some pathway out; than in conformist pew
For a God, you never knew, to chatter a parrot's praise.

Carry a high ideal. Better a single life
Than an unhonored wife. Better to stand and lean
Over an empty chair, dreaming who might be there,
Than to build a home and throne and on that throne
of home

Place one who is not queen—make all that's real unreal.

Carry a high ideal. Better like martyr wracked
Than famed for wrongful act. Better to live unknown,
Unfriended and alone, but with no conscience sting—
Than be a guilty king by tyranny encrowned—
Than be the lord renowned of a land where might is
right.

Carry a high ideal. Better to fix your eye
On blue ethereal sky and, ere you reach it, die—
Than through your lengthened days be content with
lower gaze.

Better to even fail in an aim of lofty scale
Than where the end is less to obtain complete success.

NATURE'S COMFORTERS.

Babies, and music, and flowers;—

Tokens of infinite love—

Coming like soft summer showers,

Fresh from the heavens above:

These, in our moments of sadness,

Temper our sorrows with joy,

Fill our lone hearts with their gladness,

Banish all baneful alloy.

Delicate roses and lilies:
Buttercups, glistening with dew
Dear little daffodowndillies;
Violets, hiding from view;
These prove their Maker's protection:
Promise His provident powers:
Kindle each finer affection;
Solace our loneliest hours.

Touches of ecstatic passion;
Whispered suggestions of woe;
Breathings of coming elation;
Mem'ries of long, long ago:
These into harmony blended,
Aided by angelic art,
Lighten the loads that offended,
Melt e'en the stoniest heart.

Innocent, infantile charmers,—
Flowers and music combined,—
Smiling faced, dimpled disarmers,
Ruling both matter and mind:
Plucked from the meadows of heaven;
Cooing in melody sweet;
These are (in tenderness given)
God's antidote for deceit.

Babies, and music, and flowers,—
Tokens of infinite love—
Coming like soft, summer showers,
Fresh from the heavens above:
These, in our moments of sadness,
Temper our sorrows with joy,
Fill our lone hearts with their gladness,
Banish all baneful alloy.

A POET'S PLIGHT.

This poem is the recollection of an experience which the author once went through near Portland, Oregon. It was undoubtedly a punishment meted out by Providence for a more than ordinarily glaring lack of foresight.

The friends referred to in the last verse are B. E. and J. S. Lyster, then of Coos County, Oregon, and formerly of Richmond, Quebec, Canada.

Broke! Broke! Broke!

Was the lot of a wandering bard;
Broke! Broke! Broke!

In a city where nobody cared;
Broke! Broke! Broke!

And in misery, hunger and rags,
He tried hard to get work,
The dishonor to shirk
Of being imprisoned with "vags."

Hope! Hope! Hope!

Could he only get out of the town;
Hope! Hope! Hope!
He might then escape poverty's frown;
Hope! Hope! Hope!

But how best was the thing to be done?
He must certainly walk,
For his long-hoarded stock
To the drainings was now nearly run.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Without e'en a change to his back;
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

O'er the ties of a hard, stony track;
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Till his old clothes began to wear out;
Then with feet almost bare,
And with husks for his fare,
Highest hopes were soon turned into doubt.

Tired! Tired! Tired!

As he counted the ties on his way;
Tired! Tired! Tired!

Still he plodded along, day by day;
Tired! Tired! Tired!

And as weeks followed others along,
Was it wonder he sighed
O'er the grave of his pride?
Or that plaintive and sad was his song?

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Would he ever again know its bliss?
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
What misdeed had he sown to reap this?
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

How it mocked through the long dreary night;
As with straw for a bed,
In some dark, dingy shed,
He lay cursing grim fate for his plight.

Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!

Of the pleasures he knew in the past;
Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!
O'er his troubles a halo they cast;
Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!

But alas! they were fitful and brief;
And but served, while awake,
Greater contrasts to make;
Thus adding more fuel to his grief.

Sick! Sick! Sick!

For misfortunes ne'er singly do come;
Sick! Sick! Sick!
Lying thousands of miles from his home;
Sick! Sick! Sick!
Thickly covered with vermin and rags.

May the horrors he knew
Be the lot of but few,
As he moaned on his pillow of bags.

Bread! Bread! Bread!

Once again he must take to the road;
Bread! Bread! Bread!

With fell Hunger his leader and goad;
Bread! Bread! Bread!

But the people were deaf to his wants—
He was only a tramp,
And most likely a scamp—

So they answered his pleadings with taunts.

Friends! Friends! Friends!

After long weeks of tramping had passed;
Friends! Friends! Friends!

The poor poet found favor at last;
Friends! Friends! Friends!

Who generously gave him a start;
And a song in whose praise,
To the end of his days,

He will sing from the depths of his heart.

MY FRIEND JACK.

I had a boon companion, a tried and trusty friend;
Together we had played when we were boys;
Together had we rambled, nor recked that youth must
end,
And with it all its dearest cherished joys.

His smile was all I wished for to crown a boyish feat;
To him I told whatever went amiss:
Our secret thoughts were common, nor were our hopes
complete
Without each being party to their bliss.

But time is ever fleeting ; no longer did we play
The games that had beguiled each childish hour ;
And as we grew to manhood with ev'ry passing day,
Our boy love gained intensity and power.

I gloried in his friendship-- the purest gift on earth ;
I felt that he was noble and sincere ;
I proudly called him comrade, and recognized his worth
In striving by his life my own to steer.

But best of friends are parted—ambition cut the tie ;
I left him, travelled honors fain to earn :
And being young and sanguine I scarcely heaved a sigh,
Anticipating soon a sweet return.

Three summers slowly faded, and still from him apart,
My phantom fortune held me far away :
But mem'ry's tender missives kept warm within my
heart
A corner where that friend had perfect sway.

Then hopes grew bright and brighter—good times were
drawing near :
Soon back to him and home I would be bound ;
When suddenly a message made life a prospect drear :
The comrade of my boyhood had been drowned.

TIES MASONIC.

Shall distress assail a brother
Whom we've promised to befriend?
Shall the tear of wife or mother
Fall and have no other end?
Shall a cry of hunger reach us
From the starving child of one,
Whose thin, grave-blanced lips beseech us
To recall, "the widow's son?"
Ties Masonic—Ties Masonic—
These indeed are ties that bind:
Melancholy vows and holy
Brother's needs bring to our mind.

Shall we wait till Pride has broken,
And Want stretches forth its hand?
Shall we spoil the friendly token
With rebuke and reprimand?
Shall aid go forth as mere duty
To the victims that insist?
Scorn such thought for then the beauty
Of Masonic aid is missed.

Let us search by stealth for troubles
Lurking in our brother's home;
Do not let him make it double
And a suppliant become.
When we find it, let us measure
How best to relieve each need:
And in *duty* show our *pleasure*—
That is Masonry indeed.

SAILOR'S SONG.

Land! land in sight! See Belle Isle light!

Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

Eyes wet with joy—ripe lips ahoy

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!

One more short day upon the main

And then we'll be on land again,

Heave ho! heave ho!

The tossing sea is full of glee,

Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

It gives us health, it gives us wealth;

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!

But wealth and health and glee galore

Are only earned for use on shore.

Heave ho! heave ho!

We love to brave the flashing wave,

Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

There's nerve and power where tempests lower,

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!

But who would live a sailor's life

If sailors had nor home, nor wife?

Heave ho! heave ho!

Let all who will their stories tell,

Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

Of bliss in store mid ocean's roar;

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!

But when sea joys are put to test

The joy of sighting land is best.

Heave ho! heave ho!

TO MY WALKING-STICK.

An address supposed to be spoken by a dying bard.

Time honored trophy, friend in life's decline!
Here list the praises of the tuneful nine.
Full oft I've tried thee, yet like tempered steel,
Still found thee faithful or in woe or weal.
Now ere deserted by the fleeting muse,
Loud let me sing thee and my zeal excuse.

Dim in my memory through the distant years;
Dim yet distinctly I discern the tears,
Shed from these eyes when, that I might be great,
Hard on my shoulders I first knew thy weight;—
Since a wise father, in all else so mild,
Thought that to spare the rod must spoil the child.

Soon older grown, nor bearing malice long;
With you as mine I thread the giddy throng;
Swinging with jaunty air my new-found mate,
Aping the actions of the seeming great;
Till led by pride I think each curious stare
Proves me resistless to the gazing fair.

Now undeceived, nor used to useless load,
Often I've left thee at some friend's abode;
Where back I trudge still loth to lose the toy,
Given by a parent to his hopeful boy.
Given as a keepsake ere its worth is guessed;
Nor known how truly it would stand time's test.

Yet soon I learn that in the hour of need,
When, urged by envy or despair or greed,
Some ruffian chooses to become my foe,
With you beside me and your knotty woe,
I need not fear assailant's hungry hand;—
Since none dare tempt too far my magic wand.

Often, ah, often in the midst of strife,
Have you lent succor to my wavering life;
For aging limbs on you could always count
As up the crumbling steep fate bade me mount;
And as the years rolled on with ceaseless tide,
In darkening pathways you have been my guide.

Now, since the way fast leads me to life's goal;
Those who survive may ease a hovering soul,
If, when I'm gathered to the life to come;
And my remains are laid within the tomb;
They close beside me with loved care will deign
To place that oldest friend—my faithful cane.

TO MY TRUNK.

Thou dumb companion on my wandering way!
Kind, mute consoler, when from home I stray!
For thee, good Trunk, my grateful muse takes wing,
That all with me thy praises true may sing.
Why do I prize thee? Ask me rather why,
So long I've prized nor sung thee to the sky.
Was it not you, who, in my tender years,
I longed to own yet had no coin but tears;
Till, when with age, stray dimes to dollars grew,
Each one was saved; then glad exchanged for you?
Forget it? No! That happy, happy day,
Still comes to mind when 'neath thy lid first lay:
My cherished top, my jackknife, and my ball;
My marble wealth and boyhood's treasures all;
Nor yet must I omit to tell the glee,
When you were locked, I felt to hold the key.
Such joys soon pass; ambition interfered;
Into the world my wayward bark I steered.
And as I left my father's favored home,
You—only you—came out with me to roam.
Afar we sped, my silent trunk and I,

Now here, now there, our fortunes did we try!
Each place I went my first thought was of thee,
In turn for which I had your sympathy.
When spent and weak with life's unending feud;
When tired and faint, I sighed in mournful mood;
From out your depths how often have I drawn
Cheer, warmth and memories of the days long gone.
Close by my bed, wherever I have been,
All my most private acts, you, Trunk, have seen;
Yet unlike other friends, all that you know,
Sleeps in your shattered frame sacred from foe.
Dear battered box, no odds how worn or old,
Deep in my heart an honored spot you hold.
Be not cast down if other trunks look new;
I will, for service past, still cling to you.

THE "BEAVER."

On some rocks near the entrance to Burrard Inlet, B. C., lies all that remains of the "Beaver," the pioneer steamer of America's Pacific Coast. Naturally enough, considering her age, she is not a vessel of very large tonnage; while her machinery and accommodation, though a marvel at the time of construction, are to a modern eye of the very rudest description. Notwithstanding these facts, however, the old fossil may very justly be termed the fore-runner of civilization in British Columbia, for prior to her appearance, the valley of the Fraser and the province generally for that matter, was the haunt only of bears and of Indians.*

Beside Trade's brisk and busy way,
The Beaver, stranded, lies;
Her storied timbers, ocean's prey,
Or greedy vandal's prize.
Her days of usefulness gone by,
Upon her rocky bed,
She starts and strains with creak and sigh,
To find her glory fled.

*Since this poem was written the action of a pitiless tide has completed the vessel's destruction. Not a vestige now remains of what was once "The Beaver."

The world moves on with thankless jeer,
Nor calls to mind the day
When round Cape Horn, with welcome cheer,
She steamed her maiden way.
Pacific's pioneer—she faced
To conquer ev'ry "how?"
And dauntlessly through unknown waste
Pushed firm her sturdy prow.

From Golden Gate to Cariboo,
Each miner owned her fame;
And loudly, when she hove in view,
Sent heavenward her name:
From far-off climes she brought them news,
While stored within her hold,
Were comforts that could re-enthuse
Tired searchers after gold.

She came the harbinger of good,
While virgin forests bowed,
But what she brought in hopeful mood
Has long since proved her shroud.
Her coming loosed a mighty wheel,
Which, slowly turning round,
Has crushed her hopes with heartless zeal,
Nor uttered pitying sound.

But dear old Beaver, such a fate,
Is not alone your due;
There's naught exists but soon or late
Will be neglected too.
Reform and change, all laws derange;
E'en modes of life and faith,
Like you and I, come but to die:—
There's nothing sure save Death.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

While on my couch at even's close,
My work and worry o'er,
I lay me down in brief repose,
To think of bliss in store;
My mem'ry flits to other climes,
And musingly I sigh,
To live again those good old times—
Those good old times gone by.

The pleasures that are mine to-day
May seem without alloy;
New friends may be as blithe and gay;
New hopes as full of joy;
But spite of present merry chimes,
My thoughts still backward fly,
To revel with those good old times—
Those good old times gone by.

My days were brighter then than now;
Ambition seemed more real;
Ill luck I faced with dauntless brow,
And scorned where now I kneel.
But why bewail my lot in rhymes,
And o'er spilt water cry?
They've been and gone, those good old times—
Those good old times gone by.

And as the years quite tirelessly
Speed onward while I creep,
I've ev'ry reason to believe
They'll steal my fitful sleep;
But I'll forgive such petty crimes,
If, as I wakeful lie,
I can recall those good old times—
Those good old times gone by.

THE SEASONS.

In high latitude.

When wintry winds around us blow
Their chill and icy blast;
When earth is buried deep in snow,
And autumn's charms are past;
'Tis then the joys, that most we prize,
Like summer birds take wing;
'Tis then, with vaguely longing hearts,
We sigh for smiling spring.

Spring comes! and ev'ry glowing breast,
Responsive to its power,
With health and hope, twice doubly blest,
New blossoms with the flower.
The earth, aroused from wintry lair,
Bedecks itself in green,
And, glad to find its form so fair,
Smiles forth—a perfect scene.

But that bright orb, in whom sweet May
Put all her early trust,
Now stronger grown, with heated ray
Lays May beneath the dust
While hill and dale, no longer green,
But yellow—stubbled—dry,
Can ill repress their envy keen
Of summer's placid sky.

At last, among the tinted trees,
With wild and wailing sound,
The wind once more strips branches bare,
And strews their leaves around;
The day again grows short and cool,
And night—its destined bier—
Now lingers long with misty shroud,
To clasp the dying year.

IN MEMORIAM SIR MATTHEW BEGBIE

The first Chief Justice of British Columbia, who died much lamented, at Victoria, B. C., June 12th, 1894.

Now weep, Columbia, you have cause to mourn;
When he, who late administered your laws,
Nor meted justice for the crowd's applause;
Rude from your courts, despite your tears, is torn.

His was a life of blameless truth and toil;
Tempered with mercy in the cause of right;
Rearing your province to its present might,
From out a state of chaos and turmoil.

Had he been lenient—had his hope grown cool;
When order seemed subservient to gold;
Then lawless men unused to be controlled,
Would have held sway and let King Riot rule.

But no! Unswerving from his purpose firm;
He lived to see, resultant from his care,
Peace reigning proudly o'er a province fair;
And grateful thousands bless his guardian arm.

Weep now, Columbia, and in sorrow pray,
That Justice always o'er thy giant land,
May never want a champion who will stand
Faithful as Begbie, who has passed away.

KEEP CLIMBING.

Keep climbing! keep climbing Life's boulder strewn
height,
Each early seen pinnacle ever in sight;
Though obstacles hinder, keep plodding along:
With "higher, up higher" forever your song.

Keep climbing! keep climbing! be never cast down
Though men who seem higher in scornfulness frown;
Take courage, nor falter. Look forward—not back—
Their methods but prove them upon the wrong track.

Keep climbing! keep climbing! though weary and
faint;

Keep upward and onward without a complaint;
Though friends from the pathway in idleness stray,
Your motto and duty is "Climb while you may."

Keep climbing! keep climbing! nor offer to stand,
Or rest in the shadow of what you have planned;
The way may be rugged, the mountain be steep,
But once on the summit you safely may sleep.

Keep climbing! keep climbing! make each move-
ment tell,

A thing that's worth doing is worth doing well;
The goal is above you, defeat is below,
Keep climbing! keep climbing! to victory go.

LIFE IS LIKE A GAME OF CHECKERS.

The name "checkers" is a synonym for "draughts" in many parts of America.

Play life's game as men play checkers:
Watchful always of your chance;
Do not trust your all to wreckers
To obtain some quick advance.
No move ever should be taken
Till the next is out of doubt;
Slight success to shame may beckon;
Petty loss may win the bout.

Courtesy disarm suspicion;—
But be careful of its wile;
Hazard nothing on condition
Of your foe's continued smile:
Only one can win the guerdon;
Victory follows surest play;
Trust no friend to bear your burden:
Help yourself or lose the day.

Yes, Life's but a game of checkers:
Make no move you can't protect;
When a ship is in the breakers,
Wreck and ruin wait neglect.
Courtesy may lull suspicion
With its treacherous disguise;
But before you yield position:—
Does position mean the prize?

THE OVERSOUL.

(Verses written after reading, with great pleasure, the Essay
on the Oversoul, by Emerson).

What a pleasure there's in knowing
I'm a part of God's great plan;
What a priv'lege then in doing
All for Him I truly can.

What a balm there's in the knowledge
That what I sincerely do,
Is His Spirit working in me,
And, confined, comes bursting through.

Just to think that through each action
Born of this—my warring frame,
He, the great undimmed attraction,
Speaks, my brothers to reclaim.

That same God I see in mountains,
In the plains and mighty sea,
In great rivers, bubbling fountains,
In the flowers,—is seen in me.

When grim Passion tears my vitals,
And I fight it to the death;
'Tis not me, but God that conquers,
Me it was that gave up breath.

And whene'er I work in earnest,
And my deeds with glory shine,
Thou, Most High, my power adornest;
With Thy help I'm made divine.

Give me then, oh Great Creator,
Greater power with flesh to cope;
Let me tear aside its hindrance,
To give Thee more light, more scope.

Wondrous theme, Great Soul of Nature,
In Thy praise I'm filled with song;
I, a mortal wayward creature,
Still to Thee, in Thee belong.

INTOLERATION.

What makes men condemn the poor negro's black face,
And hold Indians in detestation;
What makes them think Mongols quite foreign to grace?
It's racial intoleration.

What first causes strife—then develops to war,
What scatters abroad desolation;
What robs our exchequers of treasure in store?
It's national intoleration.

Why do men of party so arrogant grow,
When theirs is the administration;
What makes them despise their opponents, and blow?
Political intolerance.

Why are we divided in classes and caste,
According to wealth, birth or station;
And why do the higher, inferiors detest?
Positional intolerance.

Why do temp'rance advocates cause so much harm,
Instead of their kind's elevation;
What steals from their efforts the pleasure and charm?
Fanatical intolerance.

Why are there so many agnostics abroad,
Who fain would profess adoration;
But scarcely know how—so beclouded is God?
It's bigoted intolerance.

Ah friends, 'tis a shameful, a lasting disgrace,
A slur on our civilization,
To think that in life's short and uncertain race
We find time for intolerance.

If "do unto others as we'd be done by"
Were really the world's inspiration;
How quickly it would from intolerance fly
To practice divine toleration.

MOORE, BYRON AND SCOTT.

When an Irishman's dull, enervated and sad;
When his heart calls for sympathy dear;
When far from his country he wanders abroad
On a soil that is foreign and drear;
Whose strains can recall to his memory, home,
And induce him his lot to endure,
And do honor to Ireland where'er he may roam,
Like the soul-stirring lyrics of Moore?

When an Englishman, proud of the land of his birth,
So conceitedly to it refers,
And receives a reproach for the marvelous dearth
Of the singers whom true passion stirs;
Just notice the light that comes into his eye,
And illumines his features of iron,
As he says with accents that reason defy:—
"You've forgotten our passionate Byron."

When a Scotchman—the task of his day being done
Wants a moment of bliss less alloy;
And has laid aside Burns "Coila's own darling son,"
For diversion and spice in his joy;
Whose pages are full of the patriot's song,—
Of the battles that Scotchmen have fought?
To whose minstrel raptures does genius belong,
If not to the raptures of Scott.

To the same decade's brilliance the world owes a debt,
'Twill take decades of decades to pay;
For posterity sure will be loth to forget
The loved names introduced in this lay.
Three friends and three poets, all equal in fame—
Though of different races begot;
Whose genius all nations now proudly proclaim,
And thank God for Moore, Byron and Scott.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Washington's birthday! Hark, hark to the sound
Of joy universal and glee;
Washington's birthday! Still let it resound,
With praises and proud jubilee;
Washington's birthday! Oh why are we thrilled?
Oh why do we hallow the name?
Because since that day our hearts have been filled
With that which puts tyrants to shame.

Washington's birthday! What funds of delight
Those words have power to recall;
The champion of freedom, of justice and right
Then came our hearts to enthral.
Sing loudly, ye patriots, shout out your joy,
Commemorate liberty's birth;
Let cheers of rejoicing—with nought to alloy—
Awake and encompass the earth.

May the star-spangled banner he nurtured so well
Still wave o'er a land for the free;
May the virtues he practised through our actions tell
That virtue is freedom's best plea;
May Columbia's strand which he loved and revered,
Still echo with song and applause
For the hero, who, father of all that he reared,
Gave us freedom and country and laws.

WHEN WE'RE DEAD AND GONE.

(At the time this jingle was written aeroplanes were unknown, and the author prophesied wiser than he knew when he wrote the last verse.)

Wondrous things may come to pass,
When we're dead and gone,
Nothing ancient can surpass,
When we're dead and gone;
Stars in heaven may collide,
And the sun with rapid stride
May o'ertake the moon, his bride,
When we're dead and gone.

Gravitation's law may burst,
When we're dead and gone,
Which of mishaps is the worst,
When we're dead and gone,
Mortals from this world would fall,
Into night and chaos sprawl,
Where grim darkness would appal,
When we're dead and gone.

Earth its bowels may unfold,
When we're dead and gone,
And yield treasures yet untold,
When we're dead and gone;
With eruptions mounts may quake,
Rivers o'er their banks may break,
Oceans may their beds forsake,
When we're dead and gone.

Men through earth may make a breach,
When we're dead and gone,
The Antipodes to reach,
When we're dead and gone:

They in railway cars may roll
Underground from pole to pole,
Paying but a trifling toll,
When we're dead and gone.

Th'electric source for having found,
When we're dead and gone,
Inventors great may be renowned,
When we're dead and gone;
And through its improved ray,
Night may chase its shades away,
And they'll live in endless day,
When we're dead and gone.

P'rhaps we may not need our wings,
When we're dead and gone;
Or such like ethereal things,
When we're dead and gone.
Golden stairs to heaven may rise,
Not in song as you'd surmise,
But which angels won't despise,
When we're dead and gone.

People in machines may fly,
When we're dead and gone;
Scaling heights of azure sky,
When we're dead and gone.
O'er the clouds they'll ride supreme,
And what now does monstrous seem,
May have faded to a dream,
When we're dead and gone.

THE ROSCOE CLUB.

When the author was about 19 years of age, three of his most intimate Canadian friends formed with him the nucleus of a literary society. Chancing on their second or third evening to become interested in Washington Irving's sketch book, attention was fixed on his delightful little notice of Wm. Roscoe, Liverpool's literary star. The high character and attainments of that gentleman, as eulogized by Irving, seemed almost the personification of the avowed objects of the little circle, and the company forthwith dubbed itself the Roscoe Club, in honor of him.

On each happy Tuesday night,
When the moon is shining bright,
And the stars within the firmament do glow;
We convene the favored four,
And with literary lore,
We beguile the hours away in Club Roscoe.

Though the rain in torrent falls,
And the lightning's flash appals;
Though old Boreas a hurricane doth blow;
Still we gather 'round the board,
On which choicest books are stored,
And we spend the evening in our Club Roscoe.

When the leaves all turning red,
And the ripened fruit o'erhead,
Both proclaim that Autumn's bliss we soon shall know;
Though our friends stroll up the road,—
Arm in arm quite *à la mode*—
We're content to pass our time in Club Roscoe.

When the nights grow cold and long,
And the winds blow fierce and strong,
And the ground is hard and crisp with ice and snow;
We draw near the glowing grate,
And with heart and voice elate,
We discuss the future of our Club Roscoe.

When the Spring in garments green
Changes fast the wintry scene,
And to ev'ry living thing its gifts bestow;
With new life and vigor filled,
And as critics better skilled,
Are the members of that dear old Club Roscoe.

Though its roll contains but few,
Yet each heart is stout and true,
Which in after years the world will surely know;
And if time works all things well,
As a prophet I foretell,—
Famous far will be our little Club Roscoe.

A COMPOSITION.

Roscoe Club, the origin and objects of which have just been mentioned, on one occasion in the year 1888 demanded essays from its members upon the various phases of government in vogue during the present age. The Czar or absolute monarchy was the particular kind that fell to the author's lot. In the absence of any statistical knowledge upon the subject, this "Composition," which is self-explanatory, was utilized to fill up the gap.

Dear friends, 'twas my duty to write out to-night,
An essay of length on the Czar and his might;
And had I had power to do what I ought,
An essay no doubt I to you would have brought;
But the subject you see had so much in its train,
All my efforts to grasp it, I found were in vain;
So you'll please be content if what little I tell,
You have known long ago perhaps perfectly well;
And as men have classed all "stale chestnuts" with crime,
To make it seem new, I will tell it in rhyme.

The Czar, we are told in the books used at school,
Is a monarch who governs with absolute rule;
Not like our good queen at the beck and the call
Of a Gladstone, a Churchill, a Bright or a Sal.;

But a king at whose bidding men die at the stake;
One word from whose lips can make all Europe quake.
He has but to look, and faint hearts cease to beat;
He wills, and all Russia must cringe at his feet;
For justice his subjects appeal to the throne,
It rests on his word and his judgment alone.

But despite all his power, deny it who can,
This tyrant of millions is only a man;
And as such, you doubtless have seen in the papers,
How much he's harassed by those nihilist capers;
And although Fortune's child, he is in constant dread,
Lest the moment deprive him of sceptre and head.
With this, my dear friends, I'm afraid I must end,—
No more to my verse has my knowledge to lend;
But mayhap if ever I travel to Moscow,
I'll look up the Czar for the good of the Roscoe.

*Salisbury.

BOSKY DELL.

While bending o'er my daily toil,
Oppressed by city heat;
And breathing in the dusty soil
Arising from the street;

Though bearing with resigned fate
The noise of city life;
In truth, at times, I'd fain vacate
Its bustle and its strife.

Before my eye bright visions pass
Of fields and meadows green,
Of yellow corn and waving grass,
And humble rustic scene;

Till thoughts of brooks and shady nooks
Soon o'er me cast a spell,
And I recall the beauties all,
Of dear old Bosky Dell.

There stands the cottage, small and trim,
Beside a lordly pine,
That stretches o'er the roof a limb—
Protection's surest sign.

Its walls are decked with ivy green;
And roses sweet to smell,
Within the dark rich foliage
Luxuriantly dwell.

A purling brook some yards away,
O'er rocks glides rippling on;
And sings its sad incessant lay
From break of dawn to dawn.

No jarring noise the silence cleaves;
All sounds are hushed and still;
The sighing wind, the rustling leaves,
The music of the rill,

Save that at times from leafy bower,
High up some neighb'ring tree,
The birds such floods of music shower,
The grove is drenched with glee.

Or when from distant meadow land,
Some petted lambkin's bleat
Is heard as 'round its sober dam
It skips with tireless feet.

Some sweet breathed kine, 'neath friendly shade,
In lazy languor lie,
With munching mouth, and shaking head,
And dreamy half-shut eye.

But as this scene before me lies
In panoramic view,
Faint twinkling vapors slow arise,
And twilight does ensue.

Then O! to see the grandeur now
That spreads itself around:
The moon from o'er a mountain brow
With silver tints the ground;

The stars within her train appear,
And soon the vault of night
Is sprinkled o'er with jewels clear
And diamonds sparkling bright.

A still and awful silence takes
Possession of the air;
Till trees, and fields, and birds seem all
In Nature's solemn care.

O! fain I would some more relate
Upon this pleasing theme,
But here I woke, and to my fate,
Found Bosky Dell a dream.

ODE TO A SKULL.

Every poet has patrons. The first person to patronize and encourage the boyish efforts of the author in the art of rhyming was Mr. J. B. Forbes, at that time of Montreal, but now a resident of Pt. Levi, Que. This gentleman was a passionate admirer of poetry, and could quote passages from Burns, Byron or Shakespeare by the hour. Seeing some of the author's earliest effusions by chance one day, instead of holding them up to the ridicule that he shamefacedly expected, Mr. Forbes, immediately took an interest in his scribblings, praised them up sky high, and as a test of the author's powers proposed that he imagine himself in a grave-yard with a skull that he had picked up from curiosity in his hand. The train of thought to which such an incident happened to give rise he desired him to put in rhyme, and, being his employer, as an incentive he kindly allowed what spare time he could afford during the remainder of the day for that purpose. Grateful for the well-meant flattery, and anxious to keep up his new reputation, by nightfall the author managed to have this concoction ready for his employer's amused perusal. It has several very palpable faults, but the author thinks the public may be interested in it as a production of his 16th year.

Alas! Alas! how sad I feel
When on this skull I gaze;
For 'neath its shell a something real
Did dwell in brighter days,
And thought or dreamed of future life
Upon this world of sorrow,
And battled with its sins and strife,
In hopes of peace to-morrow.

Perhaps ambition filled each vein
Which through this brain did flow,
And helped great schemes of future gain
To start, and then to grow;
Maybe the wisest plans e'er made
Took root within this head,
And would have been before us laid,
Had death not come instead.

Perhaps this may have been the skull
Of someone of renown,
Whose works of genius now are known
To Earth's remotest town;
Or p'raps some conscience-stricken wretch
Could have no solace here,
And so mid suicidal itch
Did end his life in fear.

Perhaps, again, this once has been
The head of some great wit,
Whose faculties were ever keen
To make some happy hit.
Or was some idiotic mind
Once hid beneath this shell,
That to good sense was ever blind,
Whatever else befell?

Perhaps some farmer might this claim,
If he were now on earth,
Whose easy-going, honest aim,
If known, might prove of worth;
Or, may be, it did once belong
To some unlucky devil,
Who barely knew 'twixt right and wrong,
But died mid maddest revel.

Perhaps some sailor brave and bold,
With jolly looks, and gay,
Might once beneath this head have rolled
Across the watery way;
Or p'raps some soldier fighting hard,
Away from home and land,
Had this from off his shoulders struck
By some combatant's hand.

Perhaps it once encovered one
Who, struggling for his right,
Was killed before his work was done
By main or money might;
Perhaps some coward base and mean
(For all are base who cower)
Might claim this cranium for his own,
If heav'n would give him power.

Maybe an honest pauper
Did use this empty head,
In pondering how, and when, and where,
He'd get a crust of bread.
Or p'raps it once was held erect
By some vain, haughty man,
Who cared not whom he crushed direct
Beneath his selfish ban.-

In fact, with truth 'twere hard to guess
To whom this skull belonged;
But then, for that I care not less,
Nor would I see it wronged.
The chances are it once did crown
Some worthy, manly frame,
Who cared not for a world's renown
While he had his good name.

MOTHER.

Written in the author's 17th year in honor of one who had
been called away three years after his birth.

Dearest mother, whither art thou?
Why have I been left alone?
Why by thee was I forsaken,
Ere thy worth was barely known?

Mother—darling, angel mother!
Can I never see you more?
Have you gone from me forever,
To that dark eternal shore?

Will you not at my entreaty
Once again to earth return?
Why, oh why, I pray thee, mother,
Am I left thy loss to mourn?

How I've longed to have your guidance,
None but God above can tell;
Just one look of kindness from you,
Just to know you wish me well.

When with grief and sorrow stricken,
Then oh how I've yearned for thee!
That I might confide my troubles
And receive your sympathy.

And to think, I don't remember
Even how you used to smile,
Or how you with love maternal
Did my baby hours beguile.

Mother—dearest, darling mother!
How thy name alone can thrill!
Oh, that some divine inspirer,
Would unfold to me thy will.

TO THEE, OH GOD!

(A Prayer)

To Thee, oh God! in my despair
I pen this earnest heart-made prayer

In hopes that Thou, who art divine,
Wilt cleanse my soul and make it thine.

I know I am not worth Thy thought,
My very frame with sin is fraught:

But still, because Thy work I am,
For self-made wounds provide a balm.

Give me a salve that sure will heal
My broken spirit and my will.

To Passion, God, I am a slave;
A shield from it I fairly crave.

Thou know'st my weakness and canst see
The cure Thou shouldst prescribe for me.

To curb myself in vain I've tried,—
My loathed desire won't be denied.

So now to Thee I humbly kneel,
And pen the words Thou know'st I feel.

In pity, God, look down and be
A comforter and strength to me.

Help me once more to raise my head
In triumph o'er my passions dead.

And then, oh God, through all my days,
My very life shall sing thy praise.

A PRAYER.

Thy greatness, God, I cannot know,
I cannot guess Thy powers;
But ev'ry earnest thought must show
How I revere Thy works below
Upon this world of ours.

If all omnipotent Thou art,
As Nature seems to say;
Oh, put the truth into my heart,
And let me *know* I am a part
Worth more to Thee than clay.

And if, oh God, Thou art supreme,
And rulest all that's here;
May I be taught *to do*, not dream,
Pray make me ever what I seem,
And keep my soul sincere.
Amen.

MISERY.

Blow on, ye northern winds, blow on,
Let nothing cause your rage to stay;
If mortals totter and look wan,
What matters it?—they are but clay.

Make fiercer still your icy blast
In fury though it never end;
An angry sky with black o'ercast
To mis'ry not a jot can lend.

Shine on, in mock'ry, Sun, shine on,
Your blazing heat around us spread;
From darkest night bring forth the dawn,
Or raise to life the winter's dead.

Though mighty forests you may burn;
Or cause deep rivers to run dry:
If mortals but in sorrow mourn,
Despite thy power they'll weep or—die.

A SONG FOR APPRENTICE ACCOUNTANTS.

If you would accounting achieve—

Keep books sans reproach, flaw or doubt

You must debit whate'er you receive,

And credit whatever goes out.

Perchance it is "goods" that goes out,

And Smith, Brown or Jones that comes in;

But see that you change things about

If "goods" and not "custom" you win.

Since to share in a bookkeeper's sweets—

To shun a bad bookkeeper's woe:

You must debit your daily receipts

And credit with care your outgo.

When it's "goods" or "cash" you obtain,

Charge up such accounts what you get;

While if these go out, it is plain,

You charge who gets into your debt.

For whatever comes in you receive,

Though perhaps it's a debtor's account;

And whatever goes out—pray believe—

Has a credit somewhere that amount.

So to shun a bad bookkeeper's woe—

To share a good bookkeeper's sweets;

You must credit with care your outgo,

And debit your daily receipts.

But if into debt you should go:

For his trust you must credit your friend;

And when you pay up what you owe;

Credit "cash" with all money you spend;

That is: he who pays you the gold,

Or gives you the goods on account,

Should be credited what he has sold

Or has paid to the total amount.

For remember, though life has its sweets
They're embittered with chagrin and woe,
Till you debit your daily receipts,
And credit with care your outgo.

A SPEECH.

Supposed to be made at the opening of Lindsay Collegiate Institute, January 25th, 1889. It was published at the time in the Lindsay "Victoria Warder," a local newspaper, and in that way served its purpose.

I do not wish with long oration,
And weighty tedious demonstration,
To make you, by your yawns, betray
Fatigue, on this our natal day;
Nor do I, with a pompous style,
Intend to cause an inward smile;
For by your looks and silent nudges,
I fear, alas! you're able judges;
So, if you've no applause to spare,
Pray with my feeble efforts bear.
Just listen, and appear at ease—
For know, kind friends, I wish to please.

There was a time in ages past
When learning was a stigma cast
By people, on those favored few,
Who, seeking wisdom, waded through
The musty depths of learned lore
That sages wrote in books of yore;
But later on, as time progressed,
And evolution ne'er at rest
Caused civ'lization to advance,
And gave the vulgar crowd a chance
To taste the sweets in learning's train,
And showed the heights they might attain,
A wondrous change at length took place;
And those, who once with sneering face

Had laughed to scorn the few who tried
To pluck the fruit to fools denied,
Became as eager to devise
A means by which they too might rise;
Content no longer to be fools,
They built them colleges and schools
Wherein their off-spring might be taught
The truths which they themselves had not.

But still they scarce conceived their worth;
Of knowledge yet there was a dearth.
Their colleges were far from good;
The schools they built were plain and rude;
They let them fall into decay,—
Nor raised a hand Time's rage to stay—
Till plaster from the ceilings fell;
The walls by cracks their age could tell;
And windows with their lights half gone
Had used up copies fastened on;
Displaying both the pupil's drift
And parents' economic thrift;
And he who failed to be of use
In other callings more abstruse
Was straightway hired with task assigned
To rear and train the youthful mind.

Yet lo! with ne'er despairing tread
Still onward evolution sped;
And now, to-day, with conscious pride
We point you to its wondrous stride;
An ample proof, this building stands,
The work of well skilled artists' hands;
No proven comfort does it lack,
A model school from front to back;—
A palace 'tis—to call it less
We would the law of truth transgress.

Each class-room like a parlor made
Incites our youth to mount that grade—
(So rough and steep as sages claim)—
Which leads to knowledge and to fame.

The school in which we now are met
For building may you ne'er regret;
Though it has been a heavy strain,
And has to many seemed a bane,
Yet here it stands a monument
Of all the time and means you've spent.
Its pupils all and each your debtor
Confess they wish for nothing better.

And now, proved friends of education,
Before I close this dedication:
For all your previous thoughtful aid
To make this building as 'tis made;
And also here I beg to mention
For present patient, kind attention,
Accept my thanks, and those to boot
Of Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

HOW JOHN TOD CONQUERED THE SHU- SHWAPS.

A true tale of British Columbia.

John Tod was a furtrader fearless and bold,
As furtraders always should be;
But of all brave furtraders of whom we are told,
The bravest and boldest was he.
In years long gone by, John had lived in the East;
And from that far clime had he come,
Over billow and prairie, on boat and on beast,
To make new Columbia his home.

He came from the East to the wild, woolly West;
When its mountainous wastes were untrod;
That he might with adventure lend life a new zest,
And roam o'er the unbroken sod.
And there in a fort on a well-chosen site,
Where the Thompson and Frazer combined;*
John's fame spread abroad, among Indian and white,
As a giant in body and mind.

For John was no pigmy. Six feet from the earth
His head sat in archest content,
O'er a pair of broad shoulders of such solid worth
They looked as though rough-hewn from flint.
His body was lanky, and gaunt was his cheek—
He was no Apollo, 'tis true;
But a stronger or lithier in vain might you seek;
John Tod found his equal in few.

Now about Thompson post lived six nations of braves,
And no carpet warriors were they;
From the Coast to the Rockies were hundreds of graves
Where silent their enemies lay.
The Shushwaps were terrors to white man and red;
No coward dared halt in their path;
But look at them crossways and hungry for blood,
The Shushwaps would rise in their wrath.

But Tod was a trader, and though hemmed around,
With but four fellow whites at his side;
What cared he for Shushwaps? He'd hold to his
ground,
And would knuckle to none though he died.
So there in their midst he gave trinkets for furs;
And settled disputes as he chose;
As king of the forest he soon won his spurs;
And respect, both from friends and from foes.

*Now the town of Kamloops, B. C.

But it happened at last that the Shushwaps grew tired
At his bold usurpation of power :
This Tod must be crushed and his countrymen hushed,
Though the heavens above them should lower.
So they plan and they plot and they scheme and they
threat
Till at length comes an opportune chance ;
They will murder the band when with packtrain in hand,
No strong guarded fort gives defense.

Through the region around goes the message of war
On Tod and his chivalrous four ;
And savages gather from near and from far,
To dip their hands deep in his gore.
But little they know of the men they oppose,
In their savage desire for their blood
They wist not the wiles of their civilized foes,—
And for once lack of knowledge proved good.

At a small level plain on the banks of the stream,
Surrounded by brushwood and trees ;
They gather in ambush to perfect their scheme,
And wait for the prey at their ease.
To wait for the prey that they think is their own ;
For how can they miss such a prize ?
Their number is scores to their enemies' one :—
This day, sure, the furtrader dies.

But Tod was as wary and wily as brave ;
His years at the front were not lost ;
There were lives in his keeping no hazard could save,
If in danger he heedlessly tost.
So warned of the hundreds who ambush his way
And knowing retreat was in vain ;
And that wit and not muscle must carry the day :
He thought of a daredevil plan.

From a medicine chest, which he long had possessed,
He first took a stock of vaccine;
Which with studious care he concealed in his breast,
Smiling grimly while tucking it in.
To the men of his band he next issued command,
That should fortune go hard with their chief,
They must leave him to fate and beat hasty retreat,
In hopes of thus gaining relief.

Then off in the van on his charger he rode,
Till the field of commotion was near;
Where, beckoning the troop to remain in the wood
And watch till his fate was made clear,
He rose in his stirrups, put spurs to his steed,
And alone from the well-hidden spot,
With his arms high in air at a neck breaking speed
He flew o'er the plain like a shot.

Surprised at such daring the Indians rush out,
Their bloodthirsty weapons in hand;
Yet faltered to shoot as their foe faced about
And raced near the place where they stand.
So oblivious he seemed of his sentence to die:
He surely was dreaming or mad;
Or was he inspired by the Spirits on high?
Was it skill from above he displayed?

Would they shoot? Hardly yet. Curiosity goads,
To see what the man will do next;
So they wait and they watch and they watch and they
wait
Still growing more greatly perplexed.
For now as he rushes like wind o'er the plain
Tod adds to his tactics absurd,
By groaning and moaning again and again,
Though uttering never a word.

Throwing guns to the ground they gather around,
Their features grown ghastly with fear;
The death dealing plot and the feud are forgot—
What news does their enemy bear?
They beg him to speak as he bounds o'er the mead,
What harm does his sorrow portend?
Has Scomalt* grown angry? they anxiously plead;
Is she bringing the world to an end?

Now Tod is your chance. If you falter you fail.
The critical moment has come.
Should your ruse be suspected you'll honestly wail.
It's a case of succeed or succumb.
He wheels to the left and he wheels to the right;
Then, reining his charger with care;
Through his teeth in hoarse accents of well-assumed
fright,
He hisses: "The smallpox! Beware!"

"The smallpox" they echo in direst dismay;
"The smallpox" rings out to the sky.
No wonder the savages tremble and pray;
No wonder they stagger and sigh.
Scarce a decade has flown since by smallpox alone,
Near half of their tribe was laid low;
Nor cared it for prowess with dagger or gun,—
The brave with the cowards must go.

"The smallpox! The smallpox!" aloud they repeat;
And the forest sends back the sad cry.
"Is there nothing to stop the fell scourge" they entreat,
Are we fated to fester and die?"
"Not so," said our hero with well-feigned concern,
"I came here to save you" he said;
"Let the bravest among you come forth in due turn,
"And I'll free each from danger and dread."

*Scomalt, a female deity, and the ruler of Heaven in the Shushwap religion.

With that he dismounted and penknife in hand,
As though among brothers and friends,
He scraped the right arms of the chiefs of the band,
And with vaccine their wholeness defends.
Nor need it be said that he took special care
To dig his knife deep in the skin,
Of the chiefs whom he knew had had more than their
share,
In the plot to kill him and his kin.

Completely outwitted, appeased, and disarmed,
The savages do as they're bid;
And not only left the furtrader unharmed;
But paid him for all that he did.
For they feel to a man in their credulous way,
That they've found a dear friend in their foe;
Who in spite of their warlike and savage array,
Had ventured to save them from woe.

When each had been doctored, John chuckled in glee;
Such precaution was doubly a cure;
From a chance raid of smallpox they'd someday be free,
While a peace their sore arms would ensure.
Then back he returned to his followers' fold,
Not to loiter or weep you may ween;
While from that day to this is the true story told:
How Tod Fought his Foes with Vaccine.

HUMANITY—A TOAST.

Here's to humanity! Let us drink deep;
Here's to its progress in waking and sleep.
Drink to its weakness, that we may recall
A minute! A second! And that may be all:
Its units have perished in midst of the thought,
But still prosper tasks that the race has begot.

Drink to humanity! Why should we not?
Look at the wonders e'en frailty wrought:
See the white peaks of Parnassus we've scaled!
See the far oceans our travelers have sailed!
Think of the thunderbolts proving our worth,
Bearing men's thoughts to the ends of the earth.

Drink to humanity! See it at work!
Where is there task that the whole race will shirk?
Look at the mountains of rock it has bored!
Look at the heavens its bird-men have soared!
Tunnelling rivers—bridging the deep—
Sowing,—and sowing for others to reap.

Drink to humanity! Loudly proclaim
It and Divinity one and the same:
Nothing can daunt it—no barrier restrain;
Where nature resists, its resistance is vain:
We once had our limits, but that time is gone;
The universe wakes to HUMANITY'S dawn.

TO MY SWEETHEART PLUS

I loved you my darling—when first I beheld you;
Your daintiness won me ere yet I had wooed;
Your smile seemed like heaven and so surely thrilled me
That soon I the only course open pursued.

I loved you my darling—when later you promised
That you and your charms would forever be mine;
And in the bright hope of a future so glowing:
What wonder I thought you a creature divine?

I loved you my darling—when tightly I pressed you,
Close, close to my bosom a newly made bride;
And fonder, still fonder I loved and caressed you
As daily you fashioned your place by my side.

But dearer, true helpmeet, each season has left you;
Though pangs of dread childbirth have scored your
fair brow:
Those furrows to me that much closer have cleft you—
If ever I loved you my darling 'tis now.

IN HONOR OF DR. JOHN GORRIE

(Of Apalachicola, Fla., who invented Artificial Ice, in the Year
1845)

Give him a niche in the temple of Fame
Give him his place and enhallow his name!
He, who in love for his suffering kind,
Lent them the use of his wonderful mind:
Pointed the way by unheard of device
To make in the Tropics the purest of Ice.

Give him a niche! May his name never die!
Build him a monument stately and high.
Who, in the ages, has equalled his thought?
Who for his fellows such solace has brought?
Think of the troubles his skill has allayed!
Think of the inroads on pain he has made.

Give him a niche and enshrine it with flowers!
Honor the man with divinity's powers!
He who, no matter how sultry the day,
Drove from damp foreheads the fever away:
Pay quick a tribute that nobody shuns,
To GORRIE—greatest of Florida's sons.

TALLAHASSEE

On the red hills of old Leon Tallahassee sits as queen,
Winning subjects of whoever comes her guest;
From her heights in all directions such a royal view is
seen
That we wonder was there ever place so blest.

On the streets the bearded liveoaks stretch around their
hoary arms

Blending beauty with the shadows that they throw;
And the sun forever shining helps to spread his tropic
charms

As beneath the shady boughs we come and go.

Roses white and red and crimson and the pink crepe
myrtle bloom

Scatter round each home the loveliest of hues;
While magnolias and mimosas fill the air with their
perfume

Till the luxury of living cures the blues.

Storied hills and fertile valleys vie to make one's life
worth while

And we saunter forth as student or as sage:
Here are fields of corn and cotton reaching out for
many a mile—

Over there Wakulla fumes in smouldering rage.

Here pecan and fig trees blossom, there swing stalks of
sugar cane:

Pomegranates add their lustre where they may;
And the air we breathe is laden with a conquest over
pain,

And an atmosphere of honor gilds the day.

This is where the Prince lies buried—he who sought for
quiet spot

In the evening of his days to flee the world:
Just beside him sleep the soldiers who for us and glory
fought,

And who died beneath the Southland's flag unfurled.

Yonder crest is where the chieftain after whom the
Town is named
And the braves he led to battle used to dwell;
While surrounding lies the County that, in justice surely,
claimed
A name that youth eternal would compel.

On the red hills of old Leon Tallahassee sits as queen,
Winning subjects of whoever comes her guest;
The Capital of Florida she reigns by merit's sheen:
And her poet pays his tribute with the rest.

RUMINATIONS BY THE SIDE OF A FLORIDA SHELL MOUND

At various places along the East Coast of Florida and occasionally in the interior are to be found mounds, mostly composed of shells laid in layers, but in which have been found fish and other bones, weapons, cooking utensils, and other articles that an antiquarian might use to great purpose in weaving a most intelligible story of primeval America. In one of these mounds located at New Smyrna has been exposed the remains of a fort constructed of Coquina rock that may be the one constructed by Columbus on his second voyage to America in 1505. In that event Anthropologists may be able to most correctly conjecture the age of the various mounds, as at least six feet of shell covered the New Smyrna fort, and the stone work in its turn is resting on shell, showing that a mound had existed there before the fort was projected, and had been primarily selected owing to its height and commanding position for the purposes of fortification. The fact that the ruins of the fort were actually covered by shell would seem to prove that some of the mound builders were in existence after the time of Columbus.

Hail! wondrous preacher from the ages past!

Reminding mortals of their little span;—

Affording glimpses of the world's great plan,
Wherein by layers of shell, each race is classed.

Shell, in deep layers with earthy streaks between,

Whose blank oblivion wiped the last race out,

And made succeeding races even doubt

There had been other races on the scene.

Oh, what a fund of human love and lore
Is here suggested by your crumbling mound,—
Where rude utensils, that within are found,
Describe the makers who have gone before.

Unlike Egyptian Pyramids that show
Completion in one cycle by design,
Your heights without design have lain supine,
And taken many centuries to grow.

Who laid your base within old Mother Earth
Entirely reckless of a super pile?
Who scoured the beach for many a weary mile
To bring the quota that still proves of worth?

Was he a Merman or was he a Shade?
A Lilliputian or a Brobdignag?
Did lost Atlantis on some towering crag
Protect him till a landing here was made?

Was he a mariner from Europe tost?
Or did his ancestors from Asia spring?
And by migrations from the far north bring
His household gods to warm Floridian Coast?

Was he a scion of the Aztec race?
Was he of peaceful or of warlike mould?
Came he like later Spaniard searching gold,
Or was he guided by the fleeting chase?

Was there a Washington in that far time?
Or did he need a Lincoln to preside?
Did he have Caesars triumphing in pride
O'er subjugated nations, steeped in crime?

But why so curious? Is it not in line
That he has been here and has left his mark!
See where burnt shell and ashes prove the Spark
Promethean, his, that gave him power divine!

He left no Homer to enshrine his joy;
But here we read of him and know his place.
These are his records where within we trace
As valued information as we have of Troy.

But e'en such records, sacred tho' they are,
The present age seeks quickly to efface,
And for commercial ends, in great disgrace,
Will scatter on the highways near and far.

Centuries of centuries perhaps have passed
Since by your builders you began to rise:
But now profanely and before our eyes,
We see you leveled as we stand aghast.

Hold! Ruthless Vandals! Let the love of fame
Arrest your desecration and your greed:
Unto this hoary preacher, pray give heed
And scatheless keep each mound from local claim.

Can petty road, worn out ere yet in place,
Be compensation for so great a loss?
These are the Vedahs tho' o'ergrown with moss,
Wherein America its youth may trace.

If that same study that Pompeii demands
Were given unstinted to this teeming mound,
Who knows the wonders that may yet be found!—
What trophies tickle faithful worker's hands.

Hail! frosted preacher of the ages sped!
I give you audience and your ruins scan;
Where, catching glimpses of the world's great plan,
I bow with reverence and uncovered head.

BACHELOR'S HALL—A SONG.

Greatest poets have sung with a rapturous swell,
Of their country, their home, or their friends;
They've detailed to their readers each ecstatic spell
That on some dark-eyed maiden depends.
But there's one thing on which they have silently gazed,
And have mentioned it never at all;
And a theme without doubt they ought most to have
praised
Is "The pleasures of Bachelor's Hall."

Oh, the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall;
Oh, the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall;
A theme without doubt that ought most to be praised
Is the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall.

You have no boardin' missis to measure your feeds;—
To transform your old boots into steak;
And when pay-day comes round with its much pressing
needs
The big half of your wages to take.
You've no one to hint that it's getting quite late,
When a friend comes to give you a call;
And when out after ten you've no reasons to state,
In the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall.

No parents or "loved ones" there chide you for nought,
No mother-in-law gives a "breeze,"
No sisters, or cousins, or aunts must be fought,
When trying to plague or to tease.
You've no wife to nag of your being to club,
No children around you to squall;
No dressmaker's bills! ah there is the rub—
In the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall.

You go out when you like and come in when you choose,
There is no one to order you 'round;
If you place a thing by and lie down for a snooze,
When you wake you know where it is found.
When you're hungry you've only to stifle the pang
From your cupboard well stocked near the wall;
And such comforts, my friends, quite exclusive belong
To the pleasures of Bachelor's Hall.

ODE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE DRAINAGE
AND OPENING OF THE FLORIDA EVER-
GLADES COUNTRY TO SETTLEMENT.

They are coming! They are coming!
Don't you hear their measured tread?
They are coming by the thousand
In their search for daily bread:
From the far off Rocky Mountains,
From Pacific's shining strand,
Come the echoes of their marching
To the happy promised land:
Over fields of corn and cotton
Can't you hear the heavy tramp?
As they travel through the darkness,
With the Tropic Moon for lamp.

They are coming! They are coming!
And their hopes are fixed and sure;
They are coming 'neath the frost line
Where the summer suns endure;
From the storm-swept Western prairie;
From the Northern snowy plain;
To the land of milk and honey—
To the land of youth and gain.
Hark to yonder springing footsteps!
Hear the laughter and the glee!
As they come in bands together
To the clime from Winter free.

They are coming! They are coming!
And we cannot change their course;
They have heard about the Everglades
And will soon be at their source.
O'er the classic Suwannee River
They are coming by the score;
And we'd better make the best of it
And welcome them galore:
For the time has come to hustle
And get ready for the fray—
As the long night vigil's ended
And it's now Floridian Day.

ACROSTIC AND AUTOGRAPH VERSES

ACROSTIC AND AUTOGRAPH VERSES.

Throughout large portions of America it is a fad, especially of the fairer sex to keep albums, in which friends are given an opportunity to write verses of praise, or advice, or "what they will" over their signature. The following are samples of verses the author has used, from time to time, at the solicitation of his friends:

TO GRACE.

Gold is nothing but glittering dust,
Rubies at best are but stone,
All wealth is mere dross,
Cease pining its loss
Enjoy what you have without moan.

TO ANNIE.

A woman who wishes to be
No laggard in beauty and grace
Need have no cause for fear,
If she will but keep clear
Each folly which tends to debase.

TO LIZZIE.

Lizzie, if you wish to be happy
In this world of care and woe,
Zealously labor and try to be
Zephyrs to each friend you know,
Inasmuch as trying will help you
Equally happy with them to grow.

TO EDIE HOWE.

*Eagerly I took your album
Dipped my pen deep down in ink,
In the meantime trying truly,
Ev'ry plan I could to think.*

*Here at last I make confession,
Oh! believe me, for 'tis true,
When each thought of line was written
Ev'ryone suggested you.*

TO GERTRUDE.

*Goodly looks and graceful actions,
Each by virtue close entwined,
Reap respect from e'en the dullest,—
Take the hearts of more refined.
Rate me, pray, among the latter;
Untold thoughts I can't appease;
Duty, Pleasure, I would forfeit,
Eager much your grace to please.*

TO NELLIE.

*Now that I have a chance to write
Each wish I have for thee,
Lest I should leave e'en one from sight
Life seemeth sad to me.
I therefore write with bated breath—
Each joy that's known be thine till death.*

TO EDNA (NICKNAMED "NED").

*Each moment since I saw her face
Distracted here and there I've sped;
Nor balm nor hope can peace replace,—
All life seems void apart from Ned.*

TO NELLIE.

*Nearer to thee I feign would be,
Even in time of woe;
Long years with thee could only be
Long years of joy to know;
I therefore write this humble prayer,
Each hour give me that you can spare.*

TO MAGGIE.

*Many friends in here have written;
All professing they are true;
Greedy to admit they're smitten;
Gladly writing love to you;
If I thought my case not hopeless
Eagerly the same I'd do.*

TO FLORENCE.

*Fair lady while your pretty face,
Love's darts around do throw;
Or while in you each cherished grace,
Reveals sweet virtue's glow;
Entranced I gaze—admire—adore;
Nor chide me when I crave:
Come Flo and all my peace restore;
Employ me as your slave.*

TO NETTIE.

(A young lady in Newfoundland)

*Newfoundland has inspiration,
E'en to suit a poet's whim;
Themes of wonderful creation—
Themes of grandeur crave his hymn.
If, howe'er one pennon curls
Extra high, 'tis o'er her girls.*

TO MAUD.

*Modesty is woman's shield;
All shame's bolts by it are scattered;
Until pride worn weak points yield:—
Danger then finds safeguard shattered.*

TO JESSIE.

I've fumbled o'er your album neat
With many an anxious look;
I've turned the leaves o'er one by one,
Gazed into ev'ry nook;
But truth to tell I've only found
One full page in the book.

I therefore with prophetic pen
To write its fortune dare;
A few more years will soon have passed,
Its leaves now white and bare
Will then be full of loved ones' names
And autographs quite rare.

Each page will breathe some loving wish
For you of untold bliss;
Perchance at whiles you'll look them o'er
With many a sigh and kiss;
And when you do, please don't forget
To stop and sigh at this.

TO —————

(In memory of a game of forfeits).

If there's aught that is better
Than diamonds or pearls,
It is plucking ripe cherries
With lovable girls.

TO A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

Dear Miss Cogher, though but seldom
We have seen each other's face,
Yet I have been quite enamored
Of your beauty and your grace.
And though Fortune be against us,
And we never more should meet,
Yet with fondness I'll remember
All our friendship, short but sweet.

TO ETHEL.

Little Ethel, bright and fair,
Crowned by locks of golden hair,
With her eyes of roguish blue,
And her cheeks of rosy hue,
Has so gladdened me of late,
That I fain would bribe old Fate
To forget for once his laws,—
Banish from her life its flaws,—
Make her years but rounds of pleasure,
Full of joy and health and leisure,
And when death at last must come:
May it whisper "welcome home."

TO A LADY

With whom, while a member of the *Vancouver World* staff,
the author used to have many a discussion on Chinese immigration:—

If you wish to be happy, pray take my suggestion,
And get yourself right on the great Chinese question;
Then when "justice to all" is your motto unfurled,
I know you'll remember the scribe of the *World*.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Who lived in a suburban town, and who the author used
to see off on her train quite frequently:—

When silver threads are mingled with
Your golden locks of hair,
Perchance at whiles you'll take your specs
And find this album rare.
You'll turn its pages one by one
Till this vile scroll you gain;
Then with a knowing smile you'll say:
"That old three-thirty train."

TO JIM THOMAS

Whose lamp the author accidentally broke at an entertainment
to which he had loaned it in North Bend, Oregon.

Dear Thomas, if the truth be spoken,
You must be a sorry scamp,
If your ties of love are broken
Just as easy as your lamp.

TO ANNIE.

When age and care have changed your hair
To locks of snowy white;
When time and tide, by youth defied,
Have nearly dimmed your sight;

With tott'ring steps and flutt'ring heart,
You'll find this book at times;
And as you scan each Cupid's dart
Well hid beneath these rhymes,

You'll pass some by with deep drawn sigh,
At others you will chaff,
But when this page you chance to spy,
You'll hold your sides and laugh.

TO PORTIA.

Golden rays of brightest sunshine
Enter through the thickest cloud,
Roses often grow in splendor
Where the coarsest weeds do crowd;
So it is with you, sweet Portia,
In this world of sin and care
Both in features and in goodness
You keep blooming fresh and fair.

TO MARTHA MILLS.

Man indeed's a great creation,
Ev'ryone admits 'tis so;
And it needs no long oration
To explain what all do know.

But despite his power and greatness
And his large expansive mind,
For a peer, e'en though he's mateless,
He need not go far to find.

Woman, yes, despotic woman,
Makes him do whate'er she wills,
And much more if she's a charmer,
Like my friend, Miss Martha Mills.

TO MAGGIE THORP.

When Juneau's mists and Juneau's hills
Have faded from the scene,
And when 'tween me and Juneau's girls
Vast oceans intervene;
I'll feel so sorry, glum and sad,
So wretched, lonely, blue;
There's nothing sure will make me glad,
But coming back to you.

TO MRS. THORP.

At an Easter festival in Juneau, Alaska, a personified nursery rhyme performance was given, in which Mrs. Thorp's son, Murph, represented the personage who ministered to the *pious* wants of the author, supposed to be Simple Simon.

In after years, when looking o'er
These leaves then torn and shattered,
While thinking of the friends who wrote
Your praises true or flattered;

Try hard to call to mind that night,
When Murph was Tom the pieman;
For then 'twill be an easy flight
To think of Simple Simon.

TO ONE ABOUT TO LEAVE HOME.

You'll find, my friend, when far away,
In search of light you roam;
As dimmer grows its distant ray,
More bright 'twill beam at home.

TO NETTIE

Who had expressed a desire in my presence to become an author.

Nettie if you'd be successful,
In the literary strife;
Your desires must all end blissful,
If you strive to give them life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I

To *write all* your praises
Seems to me so absurd;
I think I'll just speak them,
And not write a word.

II

When in a whirl of joy and glee
I care not if you think of me;
But when you're sad and feeling glum,
Confide in me and I'll keep "mum."

III

My love for you is like a tree
In some green woodland dale,
As older it may grow in years,
It grows more strong and hale.

IV

If all your praises I should write
Within this little book,
I fear none else would have a page,
Nor e'en one little nook.

V

I take your album off the shelf,
And write above my name
These words, to show my love for you
Will always be the same.

VI

In after years when time and tide
Have changed your hair and features,
You'll find this book, and laughing say:
How oft I charmed these creatures.

VII

As the air is full of birds,
So this book of gentle words;
As the sea is full of fishes,
So this page of my good wishes.

VIII

When life is done, its troubles o'er,
May death be but the open door
Through which you'll pass to brighter shore,
To enjoy peace for evermore.

IX

Though I feign would conceal what I'm forced to admit,
Since I saw you I've lost both my heart and my wit;
For none else can I love; nought else can I do,
But think, talk or sing of my meetings with you.

X

That there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
Is a proverb as old as it's true;
So when friends make a break, be quite certain you take
The intention for all that they do.

XI

Though the weeks of our friendship are scarcely a score,
I feel, as I now say adieu,
That 'tis well for my heart we so quickly must part,
Else soon 'twould be broken in two.

XII

In haste I glance your album o'er,
Then take my ink and pen,
And write this word or two to say,
I hope we'll meet again.

XIII

Your friendship partner, I confess,
(Nor do not think I flatter,)
Is quite as needful to my bliss,
As whisky is to water.

EPITAPHS.

ON A BIRD.

Approach ye warblers from on high,
And chant your tuneful grief;
Here lies a mate, snatched from the sky
By Death, that daring thief.
Yet while ye sorrow, still rejoice;
For from the funeral pyre,
Good warblers rise to higher skies,
To join the heavenly choir.

ON A LAZY MAN.

Here lies Simon Smoothface, whose most noted trait
Ere he passed through the Valley of Sorrow,
Was never to dream of commencing today
Any task he might shirk till tomorrow.

ON A HOT-HEADED FRIEND.

Grown cool at last, here lies McLaren
Upon whose head, though far from barren,
No beastie dared to rest its feet—
Lest in the act it died of heat.

ON AN EMPLOYER

Whose most prominent trait was an ever-growing desire to be thoroughly understood. In his efforts to make his instructions plain, or, as he himself termed it, "self-explanatory," he had become very tautological in his style of composition, while his conversation fairly bristled with the interrogation, "do you understand?"

Here Carr lies low; Death's magic wand
Has proved its power, "you understand?"
No more his wordy ways will worry,
For reasons "self explanatory."

ON A WELL-KNOWN TOPER.

Dear friends, a line or two will do
To tell you who lies here;
For 'neath this stone, without a groan,
There lies a keg of beer.

In other words, here lies T—P—,
A victim to strong drink;
To whiskey's lair he went so near,
He toppled o'er the brink.

ON AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Whose irritability made it impossible for those with whom he had to deal to ever understand his quite frequently proffered instructions. When, however, his orders were carried out apparently to the letter, it was the most natural thing in the world to hear him say in anything but amiable tones: "Look here, I told you from the first that that was wrong."

Death surely is a daring demon,
To brave the wrath of uncle Heman;
And heedless hear his dying song:
"I told you, Death, that that was wrong."

ON A VERY ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY.

Tread lightly here, for 'neath this mound
My lady fair doth lie;
A fact which proves to all around,
That saints do sometimes die.

In life so lovable and good,
Unerring and divine,
Perhaps 'twere better that she should
Mid heaven's beauty shine.

ON A CHATTERBOX.

Here Horace lies a silent prize
Of unrelenting Death;
He talked so much while live and well—
He used up all his breath.

ON MY EARLIEST PATRON.

In sweet oblivion 'neath this tomb,
Friend Forbes lies in state;
While ling'ring near in cheerless gloom,
We mourn our luckless fate.

For such a jovial fellow, he,
With ne'er a downcast face;
Vain, vain the hope, all men agree,
To fill his vacant place.

ON MY FRIEND IDA.

'Twere easy seen that will of man
With Death has nought to do;
For 'neath this stone poor Ida lies,
While all the world doth rue.

In life so full of joyous fun,
So beautiful and fair;
When Death her person would not shun,
What then will he not dare?

ON A SMALL BOY.

Here Wilfred lies, some say brought low
By making queer suggestions;
But others think, who ought to know,
He died from asking questions.

ON AN INVETERATE THEATREGOER.

Ye stricken comrades, cease your wailing,
While Fame to passers is detailing,
How Death found out poor Burton's failing,
And used it sore.

To theatres he went so often,
A *program* e'en his brain could soften,
So Death pinned one inside a coffin,
And raised the door.

And as poor Burton that way passed,
Upon that bill one look he cast,
But little thought it was his last,
As near he drew.

Inside the box he quickly stept,
When down the lid behind him crept,
And soon in Death's cold arms he slept,
While all must rue.

ON A REVEREND FRIEND.

Behold! to Cosgrove's tomb we've come;
We gaze, but sorrow keeps us dumb:
For it was he, our learned parson,
Who taught us to translate Upharsin;
Who oft explained the gospel story,
By parable or allegory;
And who in feeling tones did often
Tell us how best to cheat the coffin.
But here, alas!—his latest sermon—
He lies the feast of hungry vermin.
Think of the truths he once could teach;
Whose lifeless bones thus wisely preach!

ON MR. McPHERSON.

This stone was erected
To recall that great person,
Who was known to this world,
By the name of McPherson.

His holy demeanor,—
Personified truth—
Has been used ever since
As a guidance for youth.

How his wondrous career
On this earth was begun
Is a myst'ry to most,
And remembered by none.

But more wondrous his ending,
If history's true;
For in broadest daylight,
He just faded from view.

ON A PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE

Who was also an Amateur Artist

Below in crisp and cheerless garb,
Poor Wright in silence lies;
While o'er him grows an uncalled herb
In hopes its name will rise.

Around his grave with doleful look,
Are pebbles, rocks and stones;
Collected there since life forsook
His fast decaying bones.

And well they may their sorrow show,
For did he not, while well,
With learned look and conscious glow,
Their names and species tell?

How great, ye flowers and trees around,
Must be your grief this day;
'Twas he who could, with skillful art,
Your very life portray.

And you, ye stars, in pity weep,
For this your comrade dead;
Who now will tell, profound and deep,
The way your course is sped?

And last of all, ye human race,
With noiseless step draw nigh;
When Death such learnedness can face,
You sure have cause to sigh!

ON SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

The father of Phonography. *Requiescat in Pace.*

Here lies Isaac Pitman who, when on earth's level,
In driving men crazy far outstripped the Devil;
With his "iths" and his "thees" and his "ishes" and
"zhees"

No wonder so many long wished him at ease:
But now that he's gone—give to Caesar his due—
Let us moan in his honor one last "Aw-oh-oo."
How very consoling, when we follow his lead,
To know in Death's confines whose counsel to heed;
For is it not likely when Old Nick gets at him,
Sir Isaac will take down proceedings verbatim?

ON AN OLD MAID

Who, in spite of many afternoon naps and a remarkable
appetite, remained fearfully and wonderfully lean.

When Rachel in life her lone vigil was keeping,
Her pleasures consisted in eating and sleeping;
But now—while Earth's wriggling hosts hungrily
weep—
Death limits her pleasures to limitless sleep.

ON JACK McADAM,

An old-time office mate, who had a rascally habit of purloining the author's eraser, pencil or pen, for the sake of getting him "wild," as he very suggestively termed it.

Ye thieves and robbers bold, draw near,
And keep your faces calm;
Here lies a man you once held dear,
Poor Johnny Mac-a-dam.

ON MY FRIEND GRACE,

Whose most noticeable peculiarity was the very frequent ejaculation of the phrase, "Oh dear."

Poor Beauty runs life's dreary race
All lonely since we buried Grace;
For 'neath this mound, a fettered guest,
The latter lies in dreamless rest.
Far up aloft on angel wing
Her soul has soared with saints to sing;
But ere its flight, for parting cheer,
The Muses caught her last "Oh dear."

ON THE HON. FRED'K S. MORSE.

Who had been long enough in Florida politics to be accused by his opponents of almost every imaginable crime, but who, in spite of all accusations was a most excellent good fellow. His kindness of heart was such that whenever it fell to his lot to have to admonish anyone he would always soften the stroke by the interrogation "You know what I mean?"

Here moulds the corse of "modest" Morse;
While sad-eyed girls his vows rehearse;
That he is dead "The Boys" agree—
His glass *undrained* confirms him free:
His prayers all spoke—his last bank broke—
Well played his last outrageous joke:
Let's now forget his fits of spleen,
And think of "You know what I mean."

ON A STOUT LADY.

Whose obesity was not her only distraction

Here Austie lies, nor will she rise
Till worms her carcase lighten,
And then Old Nick will have her quick,
With fat his fire to brighten.

A FLEDGLING'S EPITAPH.

There once was a dear little bird
Whose twitterings no longer are heard;
It aspired to the sky,
While unable to fly,
And so 'neath this mound is interred.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF IRENE.

Though her body still hallows this funeral pyre,
Her spirit has joined the invisible choir.
Through silence soft melodies stealthily come:
"Live nobly and proudly I'll welcome you home."

ENGRAVED ON A MONUMENT.

Erected to the memory of parents and brother by the surviving members of the family.

Here 'neath the sod, oblivious though we weep,
A father, mother and a brother sleep;
Nor blame nor question th' inevitable frost,
If all too quickly their comradeship was lost:
The mystery of death, who curiously would brave,
Must first their loved ones meet beyond the silent
grave.

ON JUNEAU'S MUSE.

An effusion, entirely local in its way, and not especially commendatory of a rival paper, having appeared in the *Juneau Mining Record* once upon a time, the *Free Press*, as the unfortunate rival was called, in its next issue inserted the following: "Some men in their own minds think they were born with a poetical inspiration, but the world generally classes them as the d——st fools of the human race." On the supposition that no muse, however hardy, could survive such a blow as that, the following verses were immediately placed before the public:

Upon the lonely mountain side
Fair Juneau's muse lies buried;
Its soul has crossed that great divide
O'er which we all are ferried.

Despite its youth, despite its vim,
Despite its good intentions,
It was maligned to suit a whim
And further man's contentions.

The *Free Press*, maddened by the truth
The poor deceased was telling,
Tried hard to mime the witty youth,
But failed, with envy swelling.

It straightway, moved by foul intent,
With venom fell to swearing;
Our muse, unable to resent,
Grew stiff as any herring.

* * *

(Later)—Take care, take care, ye brimstone sprites,
You'll soon, alas! be weeping;
Our muse recovered from the bites—
It was not dead, but sleeping.

ON A LITTLE GIRL

Mary Russell, by name, who just lived long enough to make herself sorely missed when called by the stern reaper to "a better place."

Ye strangers here in wonder stand
And see the work of Death's dread hand;
That awful power no more despise,
His latest victim, Mary, lies.
No fairer flower, no brighter gem
Could he to such a fate condemn,
And we the losers by Death's gain
Must give her up, despite the pain.

Her years, though barely half a score,
Have made her loss to us so sore,
We cannot still our throbbing hearts,
Now vacant left by fate's fell darts.
Those large, dark eyes, that pretty face,
Must now enhance a better place.
From earth she's gone to realms above,
To taste the sweets of heavenly love.

ON A CRAB SHELL,

Picked up on the shores of Alaska and taken to Cleveland, Ohio, by Dr. Volney McAlpine, a dentist of that city, whom the author met while sojourning at Sitka.

Ye Cleveland strangers, hear my prayer,
And lift my corse with tender care;
From Sitka's far off strand I've come,
Against my will, for 'twas my home.
Alive I scorned man's cunning wiles
And spurned alike his frowns or smiles;
But when laid low by Death's dread stab,
Man picked me up a conquered crab.

IN MEMORIAM "F. C. C. B."

An Irish solicitor's apprentice; alias a would-be shotsman and sport; alias a self-claimed descendent of Henry the Third, by his father's side; alias more recently of so-called "landed gentry" stock; alias "Mr. Cecil" as his Uncle—the solicitor—insisted on calling him to the ordinary "trash" of the office; alias a champion cyclist; alias the boasted offspring of a Persian Princess by his mother's side; alias a "saved" Plymouth Brother attending at Merrion Hall, Dublin.

The Courts where B—— blundered now know him
no more;

Wild geese, he so many times missed, miss him sore;
This side-shoot of Henry takes here his long rest;
While lands, alleged ancestors lorded are blest.
R. I. P. "Mister Cecil." Your bike-scorching past—
The scorching you'll now get forever will last.

But Bagdad is dreary. A prince of its blood,
From feeding on others has here become food:
"A child of mine dead! Which? Who was its ma
"Of the loves in my harem?" loud queries the Shah.
Yet, silent to him—to Saint Gabriel's call
These bones will croak: *"Saved Lord—at Merrion
Hall."*

THE POET'S EPITAPH

While suffering from a visitation of boils that confined him to his room for some days, the Author sent the following verses to his fellow lodgers, to account for his absence from the festive board:

Come here aspiring youth and learn
What weapon Death will use,
When he sees fit to overturn
A follower of the Muse;
Poor rhyming Currie chanced to cross
His pathway, cold and bleak,
Death straightway aimed and felled him with—
A boil upon his cheek.

EPIGRAMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

WONDERS OF AMERICA.

"What is that?" said Pat in wonder,
As we entered New York Bay;
And the sunset gun was booming
Out the close of dying day.

"That's the sunset," said a traveler,
Who had heard it peal before,
And who thought the Celtic stranger
Could discern a cannon's roar.

"Well bedad! that bates ould Ireland,
And the divil too," said Pat;
"Who'd a thunk the sun could settle
With a thunderin' thud like that?"

THE EDITORS WERE DENSE.

He was a wag of great renown,
His words with brilliance shone,
His sweetheart said e'en London town
Such wit ne'er looked upon.
But yet while friends his praises sang,
Or aped his subtle vein,
His jokes were like a boomerang—
They all came back again.

HIS REASONS WERE "LUMINOUS."

Smith: Come up to the match on the diamond my
friend?

Jones: If it were not so misty, I would.

Smith: But why should mere mist such a pleasure
suspend?

Jones: Because a damp match is no good.

NOT CONCISE ENOUGH.

On hearing a little man refer to his large wife as his "better half."

Your "better half" say you? Well, that takes the cake!

For telling the truth you'll not rank among martyrs.
To your wife, sir, and quick an apology make:

According to weight, she's your "better three-quarters."

THE STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT.

Of a lady who dealt in second-hand wearing apparel.

Miss Smith, knowing wealth on economy based,
Has now "left-off" clothing to suit every taste!!

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Of a pair of shoes received as a parting gift from a friend.

Dear Lamble, accept a bard's most grateful thanks;

A verse for your kindness his muse is commanding;
Your gift with a gift from Divinity ranks;

From you—happy boast—he received understanding.

A TOAST.

Here's a health to the men who do things,

To the men who are unafraid;

To the men who in spite of barriers

Have conquered the frowning shade.

Yes, here's to the men who do things,

May their number never grow less;

For on them alone we are forced to own

Dependeth the world's success.

REFLECTIONS ON THE YANKEE SPANKO WAR.

This war was precipitated by the blowing up (accidentally or otherwise) of the U. S. War Ship "Maine," in the Spanish harbor of Havana. At the bombardment of Santiago, one of the most considerable engagements during the war, a mule only was killed, according to the Spanish despatches to Madrid.

Though 'tis said Uncle Sam sheer brute strength does
abhor,

It was by *main* force he won in his late Spanish war;
For despite the Armada, historic of Spain,
Spain's one great, weak spot was exposed on the *main*.
Not the *mane* of the mule that was killed, by the way—
"That's not what I *mane*," as friend Patrick would say—
But to sum up the matter, men say in the *main*;
That the *Maine* was the reason why Sammy whipped
Spain.

PROFESSIONAL COURTESIES.

"Doctor," said a legal light
To his friend of pills and plasters,
"Count yourself a lucky wight,
Being saved from earned disasters,
Thank your stars that, ere they're found,
Doctor's 'bulls' go underground."

"Right you are," exclaimed the Doc.,
"Medicine beats law to pieces:
For, though it is only talk
That a lawyer's wealth increases:
Still his errors cause some care,
Dangling as they do 'in air.'"

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

In the year 1898 a man, calling himself de Rougemont, caused it to be advertised that he had come through, as a very truth, experiences that would have done credit to Gulliver and must have made Baron Munchausen turn over in his grave. Unfortunately, however, inquiry put a new light on the story and Monsieur de Rougemont, disappeared into even greater obscurity than that from which he had appeared.

The Lord gave de Rougemont to us,
Until people his story had heard;
Then the Lord took him out of the fuss—
So blest be the name of the Lord.

FELINE PHILOSOPHY.

I was musing one day in the old-fashioned way,
Trying hard to commune with my fate;
While, side me there sat a purring old cat,
In a quiet and dignified state:
“What,” says I, while stroking my feline friend’s coat,
“Is the acme of all that is nice?”
When, judge my surprise as from pussy’s black throat,
Came the answer quite audibly—“mice.”

Dear, dear! how absurd! thought I with a smile;
I must surely be dreaming to-day;
A cat cannot talk; to think so is vile!
And puss purred her monotonous lay:
Then in rev’rie again, “Is there nought to attain,
Without ’gaging worlds in our spats?”
When distinct as before, from her seat on the floor,
Grimalkin looked up and said “rats.”

BABEL SUBSTITUTED.

In Montreal, Canada, an Ice Palace used to be constructed every other winter as the grand attraction of a Winter Carnival. The site of the palace was Dominion Square, around which many of the most beautiful churches, for which the city is noted, are clustered.

Sinner attend! This icy pile is where you ought to dwell;
For, while the churches that surround may warn you out of h—l;
Yet once within these snowy walls, you certainly would learn,
That all the brimstone Nick might send could hardly make you burn.

DUTY TO THE DEATH.

This verse was called forth by the non-arrival of a holiday number of "The Builder," a magazine in which views of Dublin architecture were the attraction and which paper had been "posted" to the author as a present, but never received.

Alas! what a pity! "The Builder" is gone.
Now Celtic construction instructs the unknown.
On a monument over its "picturesque" ghost
As its due should be written: "*'Twas lost at its post.*"

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.*

There once was a slug,
Crept into plugged lug,
Of the captain of "Scions of Eve;"
But the Cap with a poke,
Caught on to the joke,
And slugs laugh but once at the deaf.

*NOTE—For a different meaning to this epigram add the sound "er" to the short lines and "il" to the long lines. This is somewhat far-fetched but is a suggestion to more patient jokers of what might be done with the English language.

IN A SONG BOOK

Presented to a dear, little lady friend.

Some people are always bemoaning their fate
And wailing the luck that seems always too late;
But let us be wise and set worries a-wing:
Since life must be lived, why not live through it
singing?

SMOKING IS CATCHING.

That smoking is catching has now become plain;
The *maids* who most often touch lips with the men,
Have caught the contagion attached to their pets,
And now the poor creatures must smoke cigarettes.

THEIR YANKEE-DOODLE-DO.

When loss of dower unties the string
Of titled dudes who woo;
Some Yankee maids first learn to sing
Their Yankee dude 'ill do.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

That New York policeman and Florida fleas,
Have one trait in common the country agrees;
When anxious to find them, despite all your panting,
It's certain as Fate, you'll find both to be wanting.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

A woman's wealth of borrowed hair,
And pulpit hiding hat,
Has oft inspired the Christian's prayer:
As at her back he sat.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

The poets have sung that in days of the past,
While Dian, a maiden divine,
Was dipping her person so buxom and chaste,
In billows of feathery brine,
One, Actaeon, saw her and for his offense,
Was suddenly changed to a stag;
Which straightway, to add to his horror intense,
Was devoured by a favorite dog.

The tale has its weak points, all critics confess,
For why should Diana be mad;
Either women have changed or her sea-bathing dress
Must have fitted her awfully bad.
Were latter-day maidens in taking their bath,
And a man happened by so sedate,
As *not* to look at them, they'd deem him in wrath
More worthy of Actaeon's fate.

POETS WILL UNDERSTAND.

The modern poet's passion wail—
His daily jars and frets—
Soon cease when each returning mail
Brings "Editor's regrets," etc.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

The man who holds a lady's hand
Nor squeezes it enough,
Said Nellie to her newest friend,
We ladies call "a muff."

But when a man with manly art,
And squeeze and kiss and throe,
Essays to shoot sweet Cupid's dart:
That man we call "a bow."

BRITAIN'S ORACLE.

When John Bull's asked to tell his views
On any weighty question:
He dares not risk his name to lose
By making weak suggestion;
But quick his countrymen he mimes
And quotes a column from "The Times."

A LADY'S POCKET.

While the fair one's hand is roving,
With a touch so light and loving,
Feeling for the fleeting pocket where her ready
money lies:
Lo! a thief has seen it yawning,
Like a rent within an awning,
And before her fingers get there he has robbed it
of its prize.

PADEREWSKI AGAIN.

If the "striking" reforms of the Socialist host
We with musical touches compare,
We'll find that a leader of these is "Herr Most"
While the leader of those is "Most hair."

SUB-DUDE.

What did the dude become, my dear,
Who wed the maid he wooed?
Why, George, said she, the reason's clear!
The dude became *subdued*.

THE THOUGHTS

Of a young lady whose lover's name was "Knight."

Oh come, sweet Knight, and light my darkened day;
For day is night when thou my knight art gone,
While night is day if gilded by the ray
Of thee, my Knight, whose coming is the dawn.

LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS.

Said the highwayman out on the road,
As his gun waked the coach from its slumbers,
And he reaped wheresoever he strode:
"Without doubt there is luck in *awed* numbers."

QUITE LIBERAL BUT ——!

"That I'm open to conviction
"Is gospel truth," said he;
"But the man who can convince me
"Is the man I want to see."

IT NEEDS EDUCATING.

Gilhooly was testing his writing machine,
With fingers on keys and distress in his mien;
"By the powers," said he, "this invention's no good—
"Though it prints like a book, it don't spell as it should."

EVOLUTION.

Impressions on first hearing a sermon by Dr. Parker, the famous
London Divine.

The art of acting has become
So very much the rage;
That now to send its message home,
The pulpit apes the stage.

EVEN MASONS MAY BE MEAN.

In memory of unmasonic treatment received at the hands of a Tyler and Secretary at the Masonic Temple, on Molesworth Street, Dublin.

There are sheep of blackest hue
In the midst of every flock;
Where, to give old Nick his due,
Their dark coats relieve the stock.
In each walk of worldly life
Good and bad extremes are seen:
Angels once caused heavenly strife:
Even *Masons* may be mean.

AN IRISH TRAMP'S APOLOGY TO LONG-FELLOW.

In happy homes he saw the light,
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Beyond a smoky lantern shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan:
The Workhouse!

WOMEN HAVE NO RIGHTS.

Away with your doctrine that woman has right;
The great men of England have scouted it quite;
Her feminine folly has so much enraged
That from the King's commons* frail woman is
caged.

*Whoever has been in the House of Commons at Westminster will remember that the ladies' gallery is at the very top of the building and a sort of iron wicker work keeps the fair sex from seeing any more than is absolutely necessary—for what particular reason the authorities know best.

PRACTICAL POETRY.

"The first position I obtained in Dublin, Ireland, was assistant foreman in a soap factory."

A wandering bard to Dublin came
Filled with reformer's hope;
The natives prized his lofty aim,
And set him *making soap*.

THE POET'S PLAINT.

Rhyme like a punster dissipates all mighty thought,
And trains majestic Pegasus to sprightly trot.
How can one hope to soar to dim celestial height
If he must see his end before he starts his flight?
And yet, this paradox I'm sorry to admit,
When blank verse is my task unconsciously I fit,
Rhyme to each measured line, despite contrary care,
Until my mighty thoughts flit from me in despair.

WITH A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

As an acknowledgment of a bouquet of flowers from a lady.

Sweet, take these sweets; and may their sweetness be:
Sweet as the sweetness of your smiles to me.
I'll be content if in their taste lie powers,
To prove me grateful for your gift of flowers.

*NOT DROWNED—BUT POISONED.

A corpse, in Dublin's river drowned,
When rescued in a giffey—
The verdict that the jury found,
Was: Poisoned in the Liffey.

*NOTE—This last is a joke that my little eight-year-old friend, Freddie Cairns, told me with "difficult pains." I saw the point at once, however, and appreciated not only it but the quotation: "Where Liffey rolls its dead dogs to the sea." I never saw a dirtier volume of water masquerading under the name of a river before.—Author.

AN ESSAY ON "KANE."

About the time this epigram was written, the Grand Master of the Orange Order, a very important institution in the North of Ireland, was Dr. Kane. If the reader is an Orangeman, the last line should be *read* not *spoken*; but if an anti-Orangeman, it should be *spoken* not *read*. In this way the author hopes to accommodate himself to two very opposite opinions.

Cayenne is a kind of red pepper;
And cane is a sugary weed;
And Cain was a strong moral leper:—
But Kane was as Abel, indeed.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND.

On the blank leaf of a "Santa Claus" Book.

If you'd be happy then agree
With God and all his laws;
Since, but for Him, there would not be
A kind old Santa Claus.

TO ANOTHER LITTLE FRIEND.

Prolong to years your baby hours;
Keep youthful while you can;
For childish prattle wieldeth powers
When wiser talk is vain.

POLITICS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Cotton, Kitchen and Brown were in the Opposition benches of the House of Assembly in the Spring of 1895. The following was published in a Government newspaper on the eve of a provincial election:

Though the weather is still
Rather sloppy and chill,
The time for House-cleaning is nigh;
When we'll wash Kitchen's down;
Scour and bleach what is Brown;
And hang out soiled Cotton to dry.

OSCULATION

As described by a female practitioner.

A kiss is a something of strangest device
It's made out of nothing, but, oh my! it's nice.

A HINT.

Fond maiden be warned; keep a guard o'er your charms;
Nor throw yourself into the saintliest arms;
When love comes unbidden, it wakes man's mistrust:
Rash impulse excites not his love—but his lust.

WORDS TO THE WISE.

Boys take what's to spare
Of the kisses girls share
With ev'ry Tom, Richard and Harry;
But mark you, my dears:
Such bliss turns to tears:
It's the maid that's *least* kissed that *men* marry.

CONSISTENT SPELLING.

There once was a donce bought a calf
Which he tried hard to gied with a stalf
But the beast would nought deign
To heed sweign, ceign or peign
Which made e'en stade bystanders lalf.

FACTS FROM AFAR.

So fierce the heat 'neath Tropic skies,
When night its cap has doffed;
Folks have to feed their hens on ice
To get their eggs boiled soft.

A RULE FOR EPIGRAMS.

When epigrams are written so
That grossness seems the poet's foe,
The nearer danger comes the hit
The more side splitting is the wit.

AND HE STILL WONDERS.

Wonderingly enquired the guest:
"Birds-nest pudding! what bird fixed it?"
Haughtily said she addressed:
"Sir, it were the cook 'oo mixed it."

SHE HAD EATEN OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

An incident of married felicity.

"Turn on your other side, my dear,"
Said he with sleepy sneeze,
"I'd like the scent of onions changed
To hair-oil, if you please."

BEFORE HIS HONOR.

What is your business? said the Judge;
A Broker, sir; —A Broker, fudge!
You are a tramp from outside view
How can you be a broker, too?
Well, judge, that's just my little joke
Ain't I a broker when I'm broke?"

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

A Glasgow employer found fault with his clerk
For coming too often unshaven to work:
Says he, "While for clerical labor I pay
I will not have clerks growing whiskers all day.
I mean them to work when to office they come:
If beard you must have, you must grow it at home."

A REPLY.

To a fellow-lodger in Ireland on his complaining that the maid had neglected to rinse his wash hand basin. The word "digs" is the slang term for lodgings throughout the British Isles.

Be wise, man! No longer such worries rehearse;
You ought to thank heaven that things are no worse.
Men should not expect spotless basins in "digs"
Where those who must clean them were reared among
pigs.

A CONUNDRUM.

An acrostic, pinned to the pillow of a roommate not long parted from his fiancée, in Bonnie Scotia.

Enveloped in blankets here Willie reclines;
Long into the midnight he lies and repines;
Susceptible much to the charms of the fair
Perhaps some sweet lassie—too often man's care—
Excites and compels him to pining and prayer.
Too true, 'tis a lass keeps his eyelids aflame:—
Herein, if you look, you'll discover her name.

TO A LADY TEACHER

In the Indian Mission School at Sitka, Alaska. on the eve of her marriage to a friend of the author, named Millmore.

Here's to the sly rascal, who, to suit his ambition,
Has with sorrow so stricken the folks at the Mission,
And good health to the lady he met to adore,
And at last to convert into Mrs. Millmore.

Not prepared to draw wrath from a man who could
dare

To aspire to the love of a person so fair,
I close by desiring no care shall annoy
Their sojourn together through long years of joy.

WITH A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

To a young lady usually known by the nickname of "Ned."
As Christmas was coming, it ran through my head
I ought to send something to dear little Ned.
But what could I send her? Ah! that made me shiver,
For gifts should be pleasing and plead for the giver.
I pondered and ponder'd on that fact intent,
Till sudden it struck me—I'll send her some scent,
So that when o'er presents she muses alone,
She'll mix up my mem'ry with Eau de Cologne.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST

Of a lady who, for attention to an acquaintance during sickness, was the recipient from that acquaintance of a dozen glasses and a poetical letter of gratitude.

If ever a lady had cause for elation,
I now have, I say without hesitation,
For having just tried life's true pathway to climb
I'm honored with presents, kind wishes and rhyme.

Many thanks for your friendship and wishes so fair,
Nor mention my trifling attention and care;
I did but my duty, to help make amends
For your being disabled so far from your friends.

And again, many thanks for the glasses so rare
(With which you have coupled those wishes so fair),
May each draught ever quaffed from each glass but be
A toast to your health and your prosperity.

WITH A PRESENT

To a lady in whose house I used to reside while in Lindsay, Ont.
If there's aught I dislike, it is being ungrateful
For kind little offices strangers may do;
So I think that it would be both, heartless and hateful,
To not own the debt that I owe Mrs. Trew.

When sick and in trouble, alone and dejected,
She ministered unto my every need ;
And showed to me kindness so little expected,
It cannot but make me feel grateful indeed.

Accept this small gift, Mrs. Trew, as a token,
To prove the confession above is sincere ;
And may it be pledge of a friendship unbroken,
To follow and bless us through each coming year.

ON A XMAS CARD TO FATHER.

Christmas bells their chimes are ringing,
And the world, on pleasure bent,
Of its joys are loudly singing,
Filled with glee and merriment.

Voices mingling, sleighbells jingling,
Everywhere with gladsome sound ;
Hearts are lighter, hopes are brighter,
Christmas has once more come round.

With this card and earnest greeting,
Full of filial wish from me,
Father dear, may Christmas lavish
Stores of joy and bliss on thee.

WITH A BIRTHDAY PRESENT (OF SOME PRESSED FLOWERS).

Dear Laura, to show the undying good wishes
That Cupid awakes in those caught in his meshes,
Let me hope that this day 'mid your life's many hours
May be like a rose in a garden of flowers.

ON A STAMP ALBUM.

Purchased from the author as an accommodation, by a friend.

As through this world your way you push,
May you be always just as "flush,"
As when, with open ready hand,
You helped a "broke," but honest, friend.

TO MR. AND MRS. MARKLEY,

With a 5-o'clock china tea service on the 20th anniversary of
their wedding.

For twenty years, through rain and shine,
And ev'ry sort of weather,
You've plodded up Life's steep incline,
And faced its foes together.

By word and deed you've sown good seed;
And now around you spreading,
The harvest lies for you to prize,
On this your china wedding.

May Peace and Plenty, sov'reign pair,
Still strive your lot to lighten;
May sunny smile of offspring fair
Your home life ever brighten.

And with this gift (which, you will see,
Quite selfishly was chosen)
Make many a rousing cup of tea,
And pledge your loving cousin.

KATY ON "DUDES."

"Your pet names are awfully good"
(Said gentleman John, as he wooed)
"But Katy, my queen,
"State just what you mean,
"When you call me your dandiest *dude*."

Then, with smile that outrivalled the dawn,
Said cold, cruel Katy to John:

“A dude is a thing,

“That girls get in Spring,

“To hang a chrysanthemum on.”

TO A YOUNG LADY

Who was confined to her room with a very bad attack of boils.

Of envious Fate these lines I write,

Nor care I for her favor;

She placed my loved one in a plight,

Nor reached a hand to save her.

The jealous hussy saw the bliss

I sipped from Celia's smiles;

And that same hour, to show her power,

She pestered her with boils.

But never mind, my day will come,—

Revenge is always double;

And when it does, how very rum,

If boils should be Fate's trouble.

WRONG END TO.

“Oh lend me a spade,”

Cried Patrick O'Dade,

As before me he breathlessly stood;

“Tim Doyle in a flutter

“Fell into the gutter,

“And is up to his ankles in mud.”

But you don't need a spade

When your partner can wade,

Said I, almost ready to burst.

“Sure, how can he wade,”

Pat gasped undismayed,

“When he's up to his ankles *head first?*”

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

They may call her ancient maid;
Intimate her stale and staid;
And apply some other terms e'en more distressing.
But consult her tale of woe;
And you very soon shall know,
That she's just an "unappropriated blessing."

WHIST! HAVE YOU EVER BEEN EUCHRED?

What matters if from heaven above
She borrows every grace?
No wife can hope for perfect love,
Who trumps her partner's ace.

EDITORIAL DUTIES.

The mailboy a letter did bring;
Around which sweet savors did cling;
He opened it quick—
Grew suddenly sick—
'Twas only a poem on Spring.

AT SEA.

If you across the deep should roam,
You'll feel upon the flashing foam—
When first the billows roll and roar—
A fear of never reaching shore;
But later on you'll groaning think:
Oh won't this vessel ever sink?

SHE WAS ON A BIKE.

A streak of light—a vision fair—
A rapid rumbling whirl—
A figure vanishing in air—
It was a Summer Girl.

THE FORCE OF HABIT

Throughout the British Isles a solicitor's charge for attendance is six shillings and eight pence. That amount, therefore, is the most frequent item on a lawyer's bill of costs. A pound, by-the-way, is a gold coin valued at twenty shillings.

A lawyer, 'tis said, in a fit of abstraction,
Once swallowed a pound—then regretted his action;
But vain were emetics, for sad to relate—
To custom warped stomach still clung "six and eight."

LOVE DEFINED.

"What is love, did you say?"
Said a sage growing grey
In the study of man and his ills;
"The complaint, when all's heard,
Is a youth's wish absurd
To pay a girl's dressmaker bills."

WHAT MAY HAPPEN

When our army is recruited from suffragettes.

"Where," queried the Captain, "is Private O'Grade?"
"Confined in the guardroom," quoth Corporal Cade.
"Oh then she's been drinking; where last was she
dined?"
"You're wrong, sir," said Cade, "it's with twins she's
confined."

ON THE BACK

Of a perpetual calendar and almanac, Jan. 7th, '86.

This almanac will tell the time,
Long after I have ceased to rhyme.
But may I still be known to fame
When it no longer has a name.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

I've wandered long both near and far,
On foot, on horse, by boat and car;
I've supped with ev'ry class and clan,
From highest state to lowest ban;
But on my ever-varying round,
This wholesome truth I've always found,
To stranger guest there's nought so free
As Irish hospitality.

LINES

Written after reading Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."

To thee, oh God, this prayer I make;
Oh grant it for Thy mercy's sake:
For all my tasks and labors here,
Give me a will and heart *sincere*.

AN UNFORTUNATE'S LAMENT.

Alas! Alas! my case is sad indeed,
The thoughts of what I am would make a martyr bleed.
That I am lost, unless I quick reform,
But makes me worse by heightening my alarm.
My conscience warns, but woe, alas! my will
Is powerless to act where passion leads me still.

MODEST BUT SINCERE.

Though many men of hallowed name
Have raised their tuneful lyre,
And to its tune have courted fame
With poet's zeal and fire;

Yet while such choose the fitful muse
To make their lives seem brighter;
I'll be content, with Fate's consent,
To be a short-hand writer.

IN MY DIARY.

This book is a mirror whose leaves retain
Impressions received from my heart and brain;
When other friends tire at my tale sincere,
I always am welcome to tell it here.

A RULE

For advanced pupils in Isaac Pitman's shorthand.

When the "f-r" and "ith-r" together close come
Turn the form for the two like the grammalogue
"from;"

But should the two sounds by a vowel be divided,
Let the curve by the grammalogue "for" be decided.

ADVICE TO BOOKKEEPERS.

If you'd please your "bosses" and save yourself pains,
You'll debit their losses and credit their gains.

ONE VIEW OF LIFE.

The world is a wide barren waste,
Full of misery, want and despair;
Its inmates are travellers spent with unrest,
For life is the burden they bear.

THERE IS NO WORLD.

There is no world, I know alas too well:
We either sing in Heaven or groan in Hell.

CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Though Worth may seem much strength to lend,
On Fortune most our hopes depend,
Things of the moment are we all:
By chance we rise, or stand, or fall.

MISPLACED MERCY

Let no tender feelings when battling with Passion
Incline one to leave the grim monster half sped,
For us, if he rallies, he makes no concession
But feasts on our vitals until we are dead.

PROVIDENCE.

As Time's great cogs are slowly turning
And youthful hours are fleeting by,
The goals for which our hearts are yearning
Seem to retreat at ev'ry sigh.

And while, with hurried step pursuing,
Sometimes we stumble on our road,
Impatiently our ill luck rueing,—
Behold! we find 'twas for our good.

Thus God our way is ever guiding,
And when we least believe Him near,
Lo, for our future bliss providing,
Mid dark despair His ends appear.

INFINITY.

A thousand years are but an hour
To Him who rules the spheres:
And one short hour to that same power
Contains a thousand years.

IMMEDIATE DESIRE.

Though the consequence sometimes arouses the will,
And quenches grim Passion's fierce fire;
Yet the fear of the future too often fares ill,
In the rush of immediate desire.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

A chief clerk, "Willie," in a Dublin Solicitor's office in which the author was employed as a shorthand typist, having frequently called attention to the heinous offense of his leaving his desk bare in the receiving office while engaged at the typewriter upstairs, the following lines were concocted as a notice supposed to be handed to would-be clients, who might be led by the empty desk, etc., into believing the office had no business. "Mack" and "Willie" were always in the Receiving Room; there were two other clerks in another part of the building.

Take notice all ye! whom 'tis needful to please:
That when you make entry hereto:
If "Willie" and "Mack" are enjoying blank ease,
And the desks have no papers in view—
It is not because paying clients are rare;
Nor that little business here lurks;
We've a typist above working hard for your love—
Not to mention two *real busy* clerks.

PUBLIC ECONOMY.

While residing in Leicester, England, it was the author's frequent felicity to pass a building bearing the legend "Female Asylum," over the door. The name was quite right no doubt, but that it can be taken up wrong is shown by the following lines:

A Female Asylum! well that is a wonder!
One little step further would prove men grown wise:
Place near this a nice Male Asylum—then ponder
What numbers of Infant Asylums might rise.

A TRIFLE SHY AS YET.

"Sweet dreams, Oh My Darling," a new woman sang,
As she stood 'neath the bower of her love;
But her serenade ceased and her footsteps seemed
greased,
When his mama looked out from above.

THE BABY'S AVERSION TO BLOOMERS.

Oh mama, dear, since fashion brought
Those bloomers into style,
My ancient trusty seat is fraught
With dangers that beguile.
Upon your lap no dreadful trap,
Disturbed my early mien;
But now I dare not take a nap
For fear I'll slip between.

SHE LOVED WISELY BUT NOT TOO WELL.

An epicure husband grown thoughtful one day,
Enquired from the wife of his heart:
"Since some kinds of mushrooms are poison they say,
How best can we tell them apart?"
Then said she who had promised to love and obey
With a new woman wink in her eye,
"By eating the mushrooms you'll find a sure way,
They are poisonous, dear, if you die."

A PASSING IDEAL.

Oh, dear to my heart is the girl of my childhood,
Whose limbs in vile bloomers no loafer could trace;
Whose hair was unbleached and who wandered the
wildwood
Not marred and unsexed by a bicycle face.

AN IRONICAL ESCORT.

"It's too bad to bring you so far from your way;
I'm sure I'm obliged," lisped the maid.
"Don't mention the distance, nor thank me, I pray,
I'd as soon see you further," he said.

IN THE SOUP.

In latter days the beardless boy
Who wants to cut a dash,
Deludes himself that such a joy
Must follow a moustache.
But take advice, unwhiskered youth,
Nor tempt the graceful droop;
For soon alas you'll prove this truth:
It's always in the soup.

WOMAN.

Spite of all his vaunted greatness,
And his large expansive mind;
For a peer, e'en though he's mateless,
Man need not go far to find.

Woman, yes despotic woman,
Makes him do whate'er she wills;
And that she the more may rule him,
Hides her power in frips and frills.

FOR SCRIPTURAL REASONS.

Said Mama to the Dean,
Whom she caught hugging Jean,
"How dare you treat Jennie so rude?"
"Christian sister," said he,
As devout as could be,
"I'm holding fast that which is good."

LET THE HORSES DECIDE.

This fuss about wimmin-folks ridin' astride
Seems a very unchivalrous trick;
What matter to man how the dear creatures ride,
So long as the horses don't kick?

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Once a man close pursued,
By a bear, sable-hued,
Seemed in danger of losing his life;
For he had on the field
Neither pistol nor shield,
Nor a club, nor a stone, nor a knife.

But when all thought him lost,
To old Bruin's sad cost,
The man in a trice turned about—
Thrust his hand down its throat—
Caught its tail ere it smote—
And pulled the bear inward side out.

TO A LANDLADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

May all your sorrows, cares and strife,
And all your many troubles,
When close examined, prove to be
But little empty bubbles.

Rejoice and sing with heartfelt glee
Some pleasant joyous tune
On this your yearly jubilee,
The twenty-ninth of June.

And may you still with woman's skill
Each boarder's life beguile;
Nought makes them half so happy as
The Mrs.' cheerful smile.

A COUPLET

Handed to a confrere in a newspaper office who had facetiously passed an exchange called "Knowledge" to the author with instructions to get all he could from it.

You are a generous man indeed,
To give away what most you need.

ON A CHRISTMAS CARD

To a former landlady, Mrs. J. Thurston Smith, at that time residing on Torrance Street, Montreal.

Though I'm far from Torrance Street
And the friends that there reside,
Fortune holds my weary feet,
And all homeward movements chide.

Yet I'm comforted by knowing
That their friendship is no myth;
And a token of that knowledge
Is this card to Mrs. Smith.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS 36TH BIRTHDAY.

Old Friend, although I can't portend
What birthday hopes may do,
Yet, in good faith, I glad extend
These hopes sincere to you:

You now have reached a time in life
That laughs at foolish fears,
A point, that sages wise might call,
The noontide of your years.

I therefore need not wish you'll be
Exempt from evil sway;
You sure won't step from Wisdom's knee
To follow Fashion's way.

But may you scale Ambition's height—
That longed for spot so dear,
That peak that in man's morning bright
Stands out so full and clear.

May Comfort, too, her mantle warm
Across your shoulders throw
May Pleasure lavish every charm
And ward from every woe.

And when, at last, old age has changed
Your locks to flowing white,
May life with sunset beauties crowned
Fade off in peaceful night.

ON AN XMAS CARD

To a fellow-member of a literary society called "The Roscoe."

Here's to the dear friend I consider my best;
Without him I fear I'd be lost, oh!
His worth I have often put hard to the test,
By pressing him close in the Roscoe.

I like him, because he is honest and true;
Because by ill winds he's not tost, oh!
Because he is one of the well-favored few
Belonging to famous old Roscoe.

It's Milligan, upright and just, that I mean;
And when o'er his body shall moss grow;
High up on his tomb this one line should be seen:
"Here lies the best man in the Roscoe."

WHAT IS "IT?" A CONUNDRUM.

Though Death knows it not yet all *Life* feels its spell;
'Tis a stranger to heaven but common in *hell*;
And yet strange to say it is absent from heat;
While cold, when without it, is quite incomplete.
Watery wastes will not hold it; dry land shows it plain;
It's a part of a lady mere man can't contain:

Miss *Large* whom I know in the front has this part;
It's behind on Miss *Small* in spite of her art;
Mrs. *Lyal* who is stout, fore and aft, has my riddle;
And bashful Miss *Wales* has it hid in the middle.
But while each girl has it, whether wished for or not:
Poor *Polly*, my sweetheart, has it twice in one spot.

TO TOM ROSEBLADE

With a Wedding Present.

Dear Tom, please accept this small gift from a friend,
For with it good wishes I also do send;
May you be so well pleased with your wife and your lot,
That you'll never be sorry for "tying the knot."

May the pleasures of life o'er your pathway be spread,
And may long years of comfort roll over your head,
And when little Roseblades come round you to worry,
Call one of them after your railroad friend Currie.

LINES INSCRIBED.

On a blank leaf in a set of Shakespeare's works presented as
a parting gift to a friend.

If you would know your fellow-man,
Or close his helpmeet woman scan,
Here turn your gaze; for in these books
Are shown the foibles, whims and crooks,
The good and ill, the hope and fear,
That through these lives of ours appear.
Bear well in mind what Shakespeare says,
And you will thank him all your days.

XMAS GREETINGS ON THE BACK OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

If one you'd view
Who wishes you
A merry Christmas tide,
With health and cheer
Through all next year:
Turn to the other side.

HOW LIFE IS PUNCTUATED.

This was written for a typewriting friend who had occasionally striven to enlighten the author in the trick of punctuating. It was an acrostic on the name of the typewriter's sweetheart.

*Life is but a page of sorrow,
Underscored with grief and woe;
Leisure moments are its commas
Used each breathing place to show;
Hopeful half hours, like the periods,
Only here and there are found;
While its hours of bliss still scarcer,
E'en as paragraphs abound.*

THE CURE FOR ALL ILLS.

A reminiscence of railroading days.

Though the drivers are skidded, or scorched the
crown-sheet;
Though the journals and big-ends are ruined with
heat;
Though the staybolts are leaking, the flues all worn out;
Though the engine's a scrap heap without any doubt:
Like the old wife who doses all patients with pills;
Our Master Mechanic has one cure for all ills:
In the roundhouse he carefully notes each complaint
And prescribes for all ailments a new coat of paint.

A ROLLING STONE.

That a rolling stone gathers no moss
Is a truth that all ramblers will learn;
But while it escapes from the dross—
It gets polished at every turn.

A EUCHRE PLAYER'S SOLILOQUY

On her lover, whose name was Arthur Hart, and who was sometimes called "Art" for short.

I'm feeling gay and glad at heart,
I have a hand of unmatched art;
For hearts are trump and I've a Hart,
That, though not played quite a la carte,
Yet takes each trick—then makes me start:
Because when played 'tis still my Hart.
Oh Art! Fond artless Art! Thou art
My Hart, My Deer! My dear, Dear Heart.

TENDERFEET IN ALASKA

OR

SCARED BY MINER'S YARNS

A MUSICAL COMEDY

IN FOUR ACTS

CHARACTERS.

Theodore Spoopendike, a New York dude, who believes he has but to go to Klondike and his superior attainments will give him great advantage over ordinary illiterate miners. He is tall and thin, conceited, credulous, dense, somewhat religious, and brave only when it is to maintain his idea of his own superiority. It takes him some time to discover that "the lower classes" are not always overwhelmed with the honor of his company. Amenable to the most bare-faced flattery, ridiculously uninformed about the ordinary things of life. It is only in matters of dress that he is without a peer.

Tommy Tompkins, his valet, who is intensely practical. A short, supple cockney, somewhat modified by travel. A type that makes friends everywhere—spunky, able to do anything from sing a song to lighting a fire; and who finally gets all there is in "the Expedition to Klondike."

Willoughby, alias the Deacon, alias Dick, *an old-time miner*. He is tall and dignified, with a grey moustache and pointed goatee, and speaks as though butter would not melt in his mouth when talking to strangers. He never smiles, although an incorrigible practical joker. The ease with which he is won by Aunt Jemima shows how scarce women are in Alaska.

Snow, alias the Colonel, alias George, alias the tragedian, a frequent combination in Alaska. Mercurial in disposition, medium sized, clean shaven, well educated, and a good mimic. His stories are always noted for correct dialect. *An old-time miner* and *Willoughby's partner*.

Slim Jim, also a very common type in a mining camp. *A typical daredevil Western saloon-keeper*—blunt, coarse, swaggering, a very terror to conceit, who is spare and gaunt looking, swears like a trooper and chews tobacco incessantly.

Captain Rudlin, a fat, round-faced old sea dog, with a muffler of white hair reaching under his chin from ear to ear. The essence of kindness and good nature.

Isabel Lovejoy, in love with Theodore. A sentimental, butterfly creature from Boston—just such a one as would fall in love with a Theodore.

Aunt Jemima, a New England woman who looks and acts like an interrogation point. Tall, somewhat deaf, very practical, and talks noticeably through her nose. *Isabel's Chaperon.*

Starlitz, below medium height, stout, goodlooking, easily captivated, like all Alaska native women, and also like her race, a trifle bowlegged, which adds to the comedy of her dancing.

Miners, Sailors, Waiters, Tourists and Indians.

ACT I—ALL ABOARD FOR KLONDIKE.

Scene 1—The Captain's Cabin on board ship.

Scene 2—The Social Room.

Scene 3—The Dining Room.

Scene 4—On Deck at Wharf.

ACT II—AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

Scene 1—Slim Jim's Saloon at Juneau.

Scene 2—Dance Hall off Saloon.

ACT III—STILL AMONG PHILISTINES.

Scene 1—In Woods near Juneau.

Scene 2—Shore near Juneau.

Scene 3—Willoughby's Camp.

ACT IV—EN ROUTE FOR HOME.

Scene 1—Shore of Takoo Inlet.

Scene 2—Theodore's Camp.

Scene 3—Back on Board Ship.

ACT I—ALL ABOARD FOR KLONDIKE.

SCENE I.

Captain Rudlin—(Discovered in easy posture in his own cabin on board the steamer reading a letter.—*Enter Willoughby.*)

Halloa, Deacon. We'll soon be at Juneau.

Willoughby—Can't be thar any too soon for me, Cap. I'm anxious to get back with the boys ag'in. I ain't used to the stuckup ways of your starched front city life. Give me a good rousin' camp everytime.

Captain—How long is it since you were at 'Frisco last, Deacon?

Willoughby—Nigh on to thirty years, Cap. I don't believe I've been so fur south since the sixties. I remember going to winter thar just after the second Fraser River excitement, but the place had changed so from the old free and easy days that I never went ag'in.

Captain—I don't blame you, Mate. A man who has spent his days in the mountains is something like a sailor, he ain't no account in a town anyhow. He's dead sure to miss his reckoning, and before he can say Jack Robinson he's on his beam ends—that is unless he's married. A good wife will keep any man straight. But say, old man, what do you think of the Klondike crowd?

Willoughby—Moths, Cap;—a ship load of feather-weights—and they'll leave the Land of the Midnight Sun in a few months' time with their wings terribly burnt. If we don't have some blizzards of misery before the Winter's out, I'll sell old "Yellow Belly" for a two-bit hat; and I refused \$20,000 for the mine last week. It's my candid conviction thar ain't ten men the whole outfit worth their grubstake. Why ever, man Jack of 'em wears gaiters and a standup collar. Who ever heard of a man with his head and feet in corals expectin' to pan out gold? But the boys will have some sport out of them at all events, even if they do finally have to put up the stuff to send them home to their Ma's.

Captain—Ha! ha! What do you think of the young hopeful in the cabin—the chap with the valet, I mean?

Willoughby—A milksop from away back. He'll be an ornament to the diggins. If it wasn't for his clothes

and that same little valet, he'd fall to pieces. I've been havin' my after dinner laugh at him every day since we left the Sound. Why, it was only today he asked me if I put any stock in that story about the frozen city being inhabited—you've heard the yarns about the frozen city and the floating island, haven't you?

Captain—That I have. Ha! ha! Some of Miner Bruce's guff, when he got among some too credulous newspaper men, ha! ha! ——

Willoughby—Well, you see the swell has got hold of the stories, and can credit everything but the inhabitant part of the frozen city. He has a theory, he says, "that the floating island is the same one—don't you know—seen by a great explorer of the last century, named Gulliver—don't you know—" but he can't account for frozen people being alive.

Captain—And what did you say, Dick? I'll warrant you kept up your reputation. Ha! ha! ha!

Willoughby—He didn't prove anything by me, Cap. You can bet your bottom dollar on that. I told him I was with Bruce at the time he saw the phenomena.

Captain—Ha! ha! And did you say he would be likely to see it himself on his way to Klondike?

Willoughby—No, Cap. I try never to volunteer any information to strangers, it looks too much like lying. I simply used the old dodge of answering all his questions in the affirmative. You see it's professional honor with us miners not to have any person leave the country disappointed. Now it stands to reason that if a man finds out something he has read is not according to Hoyle, it has a tendency in that direction.

Captain—Ha! ha! I like that expression "professional honor," Deacon. It covers a multitude of practical jokes and some of the toughest yarns I've ever heard. I suppose you would call the "Salting" of the Bear's Nest professional honor too. That was a scurvy trick, Dick. No matter how you look at it. The idea of inducing those German capitalists to sink a million in a plant and improvements only to find, when they came to use them, that the whole thing was a hoax. That was going too far—too far altogether. As the Irishman says "Oi can take a joke as well as any man, but when an undhertaker comes to my back window and sings: 'Oim waitin', my darlint, for thee,' that's going too far."

Willoughby—No; that wasn't square, I'll admit. But the man who had most to do with the Bear's Nest swindle was no common land lubber but a man of your profession. You know who I mean? If he hadn't had

a part interest in the claim no one else could have procured so much unmilled ore from Treadwell's. Anyway, it serves the German Company right for sending up such a greeny as an expert. Any fool should have smelt a rat when the rock came out of the bogus shaft with so little trouble. But it's the way of the world. No man, be he rich or poor; young or old; mossback or tenderfoot; educated or uneducated can properly realize a truth till he's been bitten. The only difference between men, in my opinion—you can take it for what it's worth—is that one fool pays less for his experience than another.

Captain—True, oh king. Ha! ha!

Willoughby—Now, Cap, if I was the hard-hearted villain you take me for, I might have had a finger in a worse pie than the Bear's Nest. Last Spring I got a letter from an English Syndicate enclosing a prospectus which they wanted me to report on before they invested in a company, proposed to be formed on the strength of it. I read that prospectus through, Cap, and it beat Old Nick what an imagination the man who wrote it had. It told about an Eldorado being discovered that put Treadwell's in the shade. It told how Western capitalists had at once bought up the claim and put a 300 stamp mill on an especially fine site nearby, at a fabulous expense. It told of a river being dammed for power and of everything being in readiness to begin the work of pounding out gold. The best part of it all was, that the location was so carefully described that by the holy smoke I had to go and look to convince myself it wasn't so. Thar was a small stream thar, to be sure, but that was all.

Captain—And what did you tell them, Deacon?

Willoughby—Oh, I didn't say much, Cap. I wrote 'em the old chestnut "Thar may be a dam by a mill site, but thar ain't no mill by a dam site."

Captain—Ha! ha! ha! But coming back to the subject: would you believe that that young un in the cabin has turned up his nose at a palace in New York?

Willoughby—You don't say! Well, what next?

Captain—I have a letter from his father here. Read it for yourself. I hardly know what to do about it.

Willoughby—(Takes letter and reads aloud) "Dear Sir: Kindly excuse this communication from a stranger but I have just learned that my son, Theodore, has taken passage by your steamer for Alaska, enroute for Klondike. It is entirely against the wishes of his mother and myself that he takes this step and we feel confident that

he is unable to undertake the fatigue necessary to the successful carrying out of his visionary project. I have been making him an allowance of \$10,000 a year (which I thought ample for the ordinary expenses of a young man 23 years old), but he insists upon its being a niggardly allotment and wilfully disobeyed my express commands in order to materially increase his income. He has been used to society life and as my only heir has been flattered into believing himself a person of extraordinary attainments. His mother is not strong and is worrying herself to such an extent that I feel constrained to offer you anything in reason if you can succeed in inducing the boy to forego his absurd plans.

"Trusting that this letter may arrive in time and that you will prove more persuasive with the young man than those who have his best interests at heart, in spite of his disobedience, I am, etc. Theodore Spoopendyke."

Captain—It ain't a question of money, you see. The mother wired before I left the Sound to spare no expense in the matter but to send her boy home safe at all hazards. I've reasoned with the young man, but he found out I was authorized by his father and so thinks that all I say is a put-up job.

Willoughby—I can understand that, too, because I've been painting the country up to him in the most rosy hue. If you had told me earlier, Cap, I'd have scared him from ever leaving the ship.

Captain—I believe you, Dick. It would not be the first youth you've scared out of a year's growth.—And you always look so serious that not a one of them suspects you. But I thought to let this one down easy and when I found his sweetheart was aboard as a tourist, I imagined I could bribe her into doing something with him. But she's just his fit to a nicety—another edition of himself in feminine garb—and I have given up hopes in her direction. She means well, but doesn't know enough to pound sand.

Willoughby—Has he much of an outfit?

Captain—An outfit. Well I say he has. There must be a ton of stuff aboard that he calls outfit and it in itself is proof sufficient of his utter ignorance of the condition that awaits him.

Willoughby—Wall, since thar's a fair day's pickin' in it I'll undertake to have the kid back with you on your return trip below—*valet, outfit, and all*. In the meantime you cheer him up, set him on to me offhand-like as an experienced miner, and leave the rest to yours

truly and "the boys." But the wind's veering to the east, Cap. We'll have a swell crossing the Takoo.

Captain—Yes, I'll have to be off to the bridge. Be on hand early at dinner, Deacon. I'll arrange to have him sit at my table and will introduce the subject there. As a matter of fact it's the only chance I'll have to see the young blood before he goes ashore.

(Exeunt talking).

SCENE II.

Isabel—(Discovered in an affectionate position with Theodore in the social room of the steamer)

Theedy, dear, do you love me?

Theodore—Isabel, my dawling, how can you awsk me such a question?

Isabel—I thought you did, Theedy, since you have told me so, so many times; But, dear, do not be angry because I want to hear your sweet voice say so again.

Theodore—Well, my dawling, (very tenderly) I love you more than I can describe.

Isabel—That's just like you, Theedy; you always leave me in doubt. If you don't describe how much you love me, how can I ever tell whether you love me at all? (pouts)

Theodore—Oh, Dawling—My only Isabel—don't cry for goodness sake. The reason of my inability to describe my love, don't you know, is because of its immensity. My heart beats and throbs for you like—like the engine in the hold of this ship.

Isabel—Stop, Stop, do stop, Theedy, for mercy's sake. It makes me seasick to think of that horrid engine. But if you do love me as you say, will you do me a favor?

Theodore—A favor—I will do you a thousand favors, dawling. For your sake have I determined to go to the gold-fields—yes even to endure the company of those vulgar persons who call themselves miners—don't you know—in order that I may show them their business from a—ah—refined standpoint, and at the same time become the more able to confer on *you* any *favor* you may possibly awsk.

Isabel—But, Theedy—my own Theedy—That is just what I was going to speak of. I have promised Captain Rudlin that I would use my influence to keep you from going to Klondike.

Theodore—Why then, Isabel, it is not you but Captain Rudlin who wants the favor and I am quite sure his

desire comes from my fawther, whose beastly insignificant allowance of \$10,000 a year to a gentleman of my many needs, don't you know, has kept us apart so long. No, indeed, I will stand it no longer. I will go to the mines and with my superior attainments it will only be a few short weeks before I will be back to lead you to the altar, and then, don't you know, we shall live happy ever after.

Isabel—(Who in her admiration forgets her request)
How nice!

Theodore—Yes, dawling. Why it was only the other day I read about a menial fellow—an Irishman, don't you know—whose hair was red as a beet, the paper said,—and who like as not chewed tobacco, ate onions and all sorts of other vulgar things, don't you know: and this creature, would you believe it, actually made \$75,000 in one Winter. Now dawling, with these facts in mind is it not probable that with my accomplishments and aristocratic breeding I can do ten times better than that, to say the least?

Isabel—Of course you can, Theedy. How jolly it will be to do nothing all day but just pick up gold. Say, Theedy, wouldn't it be nice if I went along. I have my bloomers. I brought them to climb the mountains, you know, and we could telegraph for a bicycle built for two as soon as we get ashore.

Theodore—But, dawling, don't you know these mines are in a Bwitish country and there would be a double duty on a bicycle of that kind.

Isabel—How wise you are, Theedy. Isn't it funny I never thought of that—and Aunt Jemima wouldn't hear of me going anyway. But, Theedy dear, must I wait all Winter for you?

Theodore—Not if I know it, dawling. I have provided against every hazard. I have even procured a valet who was born in London to speak the—ah—dialect of the Bwitishers, so that I think a month at the most will see me back to your loving arms.

Isabel—How nice!

Theodore—Yes, dawling, as I said before, I have made a careful study of the matter. Indeed I spent two whole afternoons making inquiries, don't you know, in order that we may not be apart one moment longer than is necessary. I have even purchased one of those cash registers so that I may know when I have enough without having to take time to count it.

Isabel—Oh, Theedy, you are so wise. Is it any won-

der that I love you. But, Theedy dear, the Captain said it was cold in the Klondike.

Theodore—Yes, dawling, I found that out while reading about the frozen city, and so I have as a part of my outfit a gas stove fitted up with a heating drum and all modern improvements.

Isabel—Do you know, Theedy dear, whenever I think how wise you are, I wonder if you ever take anything to cool your brain. I read in the Ladies Home Journal once that cold water applied to the foreheads of men who think a lot has a soothing effect, and when we are married I am going to put some on you. Can I, dear?

Theodore—Yes, dawling.

Aunt Jemima—(Entering with spectacles on and in great haste) Izzy—Izzy. Oh, my sakes alive, child, where have you been? Don't you know you should never go anywhere without your chaperon? (pronounced with a strong New England nasal twang that makes the last word sound like "Chap around.")

Isabel—Yes, Auntie—I have been with Mr. Spoopendyke.

Aunt Jemima—Haow?

Isabel—Mr. Spoopendyke.

Aunt Jemima—Dew tell. How blind I do be gitting. You dew keep agrowing, Theedy. I see a change since you came aboard. You'll soon be a man, won't you? You are most as tall as my much lamented Hezekiah, and they did used to say as how Hezekiah wuz a living picture of Uncle Sam. But, Theedy, do you sing? (Looking toward piano.)

Theodore—Me sing, madam. Decidedly not. I—— (indignantly)

Aunt Jemima—Haow? I didn't ketch you. Dew sing. Sing out loud, as I don't hear any too well since Hezekiah died.

Isabel—(Seeing Theodore's indignation talks low to prevent Aunt Jemima hearing.) Don't mind her, Theedy, remember she is from the country—and country folks are always so cranky. We must amuse her somehow.

Theodore—Madam I do not sing; but my new valet was a music hall singer once, I will bring him in to amuse you.

(Exit Theedy, and return with Tommy Tompkins. While he is gone Aunt Jemima continues talking and when she ceases Tommy is heard in the wings.)

Aunt Jemima—You don't sing—why how shiftless. In New England the boys and girls all sing like tops.

Come to think of it—it wuz at singin' skule that I
first met Hezekiah.

THE OLDTIME SINGING SCHOOL

As my brow begins to furrow,
And my thinning hair grows white;
As my ears begin to fail me
And I slowly lose my sight:
In the quiet of the shadows
As the passion fires grow cool,
I recall my youthful pleasures
At the oldtime singing school.

The oldtime singing school
The oldtime singing school
The happy days of innocence
At the oldtime singing school
Where guileless love and music sweet
Were measured out by rule
At the oldtime singing school
The oldtime singing school.
Do—Me—Sol—Do
Do—Sol—Me—Do
At the oldtime singing school.

The master and his tuning fork
I see in memory's view
Assume his old position
At the village school I knew;
While round about with laughing hearts
(Our lips his ready tool)
The lads and lasses raised the tune
At the oldtime singing school.

To sing—to live—to love we aimed,
To love and live and sing
Old fogy care was banished quite—

Life had a joyous ring:
And lessons over home we walked
In pairs that knew no dool;
Till night was like a day in June—
At the oldtime singing school.

Tommy—(Speaking as he comes in.) W'ere is 'er Ryal Nibs. I'm not much of a bird nowadays, as you will soon know, Guv.; but since hit's bread and butter, I allus makes a pint of not fightin' with wot I 'as to heat. Ah! 'ere we are. Say, will I sing that song about the Klondike? Yer can jine in the chorus if yer likes. (Starts to sing) "Oh won't we cut a 'owling dash."

Aunt Jemima—(Drowning him out) Izzy, my child, who is that person?

Tommy—What ho, that's so. I forgot to introduce myself, didn't I? W'y, I'm Tommy Tompkins, hesquire, late of Puddin' 'ead Court, London, Hengland, formerly a music 'all singer, but now chief shoe shiner and 'air brusher to 'is 'ighness, the Guvnor, 'ere.

Aunt Jemima—Dew tell!

Tommy—(Mistaking this term of wonder as a request to repeat) Certainly. Tommy Tompkins, hesquire, late of Puddin' 'ead Court, London, Hengland. Formerly a music 'all singer—now chief shoeshiner (I means valet) to 'is 'ighness 'ere. I've come to sing you a song about the Klondike. (using all the accents of omission and commission of a cockney to the old lady's complete bewilderment.)

Aunt Jemima—Dew tell!

Tommy—All right, ole lady, the song will tell itself—if yer listen hattentively. *Aside*—Wot a curious ole duffer she his.

Aunt Jemima—Izzy dear—what language does that little critter speak—German?

Isabel—No Auntie; he's a Britisher. He talks the language of the natives at Klondike.

Aunt Jemima—Dew tell! Well, if he's going to sing, tell him to sing loud, to see if I can understand a word here and there.

Isabel—Mr. Tompkins, I hope you'll not mind what Auntie says, she's a little "mite" peculiar.

Tommy—Oh, I don't mind, Miss. Hit's my bread hand butter, you see, and I makes a pint of never fighting with wot I 'as to heat. (Clears his throat.)

WHEN WE COME BACK FROM KLONDIKE.

Oh won't we cut a howling dash?

Issy—When?

When we come back from Klondike.

The world will have a plague of cash;

Theedy—When?

When we come back from Klondike.

No more will strikers "win or die,"

The Socialists will cease to sigh,

For gold like Summer dust will fly—

Aunt Jemima—When?

When we come back from Klondike.

There'll be no "cops" to interfere,

When we come back from Klondike.

They'll all be counting out their gear,

When we come back from Klondike.

The drinking fountains, free as air,

Upon demand will sparkle clear

With bovril, lemonade or beer:

When we come back from Klondike.

No longer will fair ladies' hats

When we come back from Klondike.

At theatres cause untold spats

When we come back from Klondike.

We'll stop all hindrance to man's ease,

Skirts then will scorn to climb the breeze;

E'en pants will cease to bag at knees—

When we come back from Klondike.

We'll double Wolseley's awkward squads,

When we come back from Klondike.

By giving soldiers larger wads—

When we come back from Klondike.

When mud the streets of London clogs,
And they are like fam'd Irish bogs,
To hide them we'll IMPORT some fogs—
When we come back from Klondike.

We'll see that Cupid's darts are greased
When we come back from Klondike.
And that his victims are increased
When we come back from Klondike.
On straitened lovers who would wed
But have not where to lay their head
Wealth's happy sunshine we will shed
When we come back from Klondike.

This being a topical song, it is anticipated that verses to suit local conditions will be inserted.

(One of the listeners puts in the interrogation, When! at the end of each line to be answered as in first verse.)

Aunt Jemima—Why, Izzy, some of that sounds like United States. Young man, be you able to understand what I say?

Tommy—Oh yes, Missis, I can understand everythink.

Aunt Jemima—Haow?

(This exclamation is Yankee for "What do you say?" but Tommy misunderstands and says:)

Tommy—W'y by listening, of course.

Theodore—(Who has been enjoying a tête-a-tête with Isabel) That's right, Tommy, keep the old lady interested, you know.

Aunt Jemima—Haow?

Tommy—That's wot I'd like to know. (Gong sounds for dinner) But there's the bell for 'ash. I'm hoff.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Captain—(Discovered at head of dining table around which all characters so far introduced with as many others are seated.) Well, Mr. Spoopendike, are you still determined upon facing the difficulties of the interior?

Theodore—Quite determined, Captain, don't you know; of course I am very grateful to you for your repeated warnings, but—don't you know—we look at matters from entirely different standpoints. I have

long been convinced of the fact that a college education and the advantages of having mingled with the higher classes in early life are everything that is necessary in any undertaking.

Captain—Well, if sticking to one's ideas in spite of the devil is a virtue, you are the most virtuous young man I've ever sailed with. By-the-way, Mr. Willoughby, here, is a miner of many years' experience. He's been a miner ever since I came to the coast—and I ain't no tenderfoot, am I Dick?

Willoughby—I reckon not.

Tommy—Wot's a tenderfoot, Cap'n?

Captain—Why, that's rather a peculiar question. When you've been going to and fro among miners as long as I have, you won't ask such questions, else you're liable to get bitten. Supposin', however, that I answer by saying "you're a tenderfoot," there'll be no harm done and you'll be that much the wiser, eh, Dick? Ha! ha!

Willoughby—You've missed your calling, Cap, you should have been a diplomat.

Captain—I s'pose so. But when you come to think of it, everyone that asks that question is a tenderfoot by foregone conclusion—But coming back to the subject, Mr. Spoopendike, I would use this opportunity of recommending Mr. Willoughby as a thoroughly practical man. What he doesn't know about the Klondike country ain't worth knowing.

Theodore—Yes, so I learned incidentally, don't you know. (Patronizingly) I have been quite pleased to find that he does know a good deal about the country.

Willoughby—I'm so glad to hear you say so, Mr. Spoopendike. Indeed it gives me courage to ask the favor of being allowed to travel near you into the Yukon. By this condescension I shall have the privilege of enjoying your discourse and at the same time we will be able to confer on any matters that may come up as a precaution for mutual safety.

Isabel—(aside to Theodore) Oh Theedy, what a nice man he is.

Willoughby—Of course I would not think of asking this favor for nothing and shall endeavor to be your guide over such parts of the country as may have escaped your attention. (Winks at Captain.)

Theodore—Aw Deah, I am a thousand times obliged, Mr. Willoughby, for your kind offer—don't you know—and shall have no objection whatever to your remaining near my camp. But you see I studied geography quite

extensively at college and have with me a very reliable map of the country.

Willoughby—Indeed! Is it one of those printed since the scare began?

Theodore—Oh my, no. Not at all. I looked out for that. It was published at least 20 years ago and like old wine—don't you know—has the inestimable advantage of age.

Captain—Your map has the advantage of age, has it? What a bright young man you are, to be sure. Ha! ha!

Isabel—Oh Captain, you don't know him yet. I'm real proud of him—indeed I am.

Willoughby—But, Mr. Spoopendike, you may need some assistance in dealing with the natives. My long experience among them is at your disposal.

Theodore—Your kindness overwhelms me, but—don't you know—I have been careful in that particular also; and my valet, here, is a Bwitisser.

Tommy—Right you are, Guvnor.

Willoughby—But Indians are not always Britishers.

Theodore—(somewhat surprised) Then there are Indians in the country?

Willoughby—Yes, a chap is liable to run up against one or two when his gun ain't loaded.

Isabel—Oh Theedy, hadn't you better not go. They may scalp you, or something.

Theodore—Have no fear on that score. I have a complete cowboy's outfit and I will exterminate the race if they interfere with my plans.

Isabel—(admiringly) The women too?

Theodore—No. I'll leave the women and children for Tommy to deal with.

Captain—Ha! ha! what have you to say to that, Tommy?

Tommy—Since hit's my bread hand butter there hain't no use fightin' with wot I 'as to heat.

Willoughby—Thar's obedience for you, Cap. That's the stuff that valets are made of. He'd make a first-class sailor. It's a very sensible way of looking at the slaughter of innocents.

Aunt Jemima—Haow! Yes indeed, the boy is innocent. I be a trifle hard of hearin', but it appears to me the boy is making all fired quick work of United States. I calc'late he'll soon talk like a book. He's most as smart as my much lamented Hezekiah wuz when I first met him.

Willoughby—Then you have been married, Miss?

Aunt Jemima—(Growing confidential at the flattery)

Ah yes. It's nigh on five and twenty years since my dear Hezekiah was called away. (Tears.)

Willoughby—Indeed, my good lady, I would never have known you were that old. You keep your age wonderfully. You are from Massachusetts, ain't you?

Aunt Jemima—Yes, kind sir—forty miles from Boston, as the crow flies. Ochone!

Willoughby—I thought so when I saw you on deck. I'm right glad to meet you, even though we must part so soon. I never saw a person from Massachusetts yet that didn't make me think my time had come to go back to the old homestead, especially if that person is an attractive lady like you. But, changing the subject, Mr. Spoopendike am I to understand that my services as guide and Indian interpreter are accepted?

Theodore—(patronizingly) Well, really, Mr. Willoughby, I do not wish to encumber myself with more persons than I can conveniently protect—but since the Indian question has come up and I am ignorant of their dialect, probably it would be as well—don't you know—to have someone along who can tell them what will happen if they raise any disturbance.

Isabel—I can speak Italian, if that is what they talk—you know I would so like to come with you, Theedy. Is that the language they speak, Mr. Willoughby?

Willoughby—Well no, Miss. It tain't exactly a language they speak—it's more of a jargon—the Chinook jargon we call it.

Isabel—"Chinook jargon." How odd it sounds. I'm sure it must be very sentimental.

Willoughby—No more than necessary. At least the Government Agent didn't think so when he came up to flatter the Siwashes into giving away some of their rights. Eh, Cap?

Captain—Not very—No.

Isabel—Oh, do tell us about it, Mr. Willoughby.

Willoughby—Thar ain't nothin' much to tell. The agent got the Indians together and started out boldly into the old sentimental standby: "Children of the Forest." The interpreter translated it carefully, and that was all the agent had a chance to say, in consequence.

Isabel—Why, what do you mean, Mr. Willoughby?

Willoughby—I mean what I say, Miss. You see the only way "children of the forest" could be translated into Chinook was to say, "Little men among the big sticks;" and that wasn't the way Siwashes cared to be addressed.

Captain—They weren't much to blame, either. But

I'm glad you have decided to let the Deacon accompany you, Mr. Spoopendike—for your mutual safety, eh, Dick? It is just possible the Indians could not discern at once your college education and superior raising—or worse still, they might make the mistake the little girl did when she was in the forecastle with her mama.

Willoughby—What was that, Cap?

Captain—Haven't you heard the yarn, mate. Why some of the deck hands happened to come along and the little girl whispered to her mama: "Oh mama, look at the men!" The mama shook her little spring off in a chiding sort of way and said, "Hush darling, those are only common sailors." There was a distinct pause for a moment in which you could have heard a bed tick, when suddenly the silence was broken by the little one's voice saying: "Well, they look like men, don't they mama?"

(Laughter)

But here we are at Takoo Inlet. We are likely to have a pleasant little swell.

Isabel—A little swell?

(Signs of seasickness all around.)

Theodore—The vessel does wolla little, don't you know. By-the-way, will you excuse me, gentlemen (signs of subdued seasickness).

Willoughby—(winking at Captain) Then I am engaged as interpreter of the Spoopendike-Klondike expedition?

Theodore—Certainly (hand to mouth).

Willoughby—Don't hurry off, Mr. Spoopendike. Here, have some more of this fat gravy. Let's be sociable, seeing it's our last meal aboard.

Theodore—(attempting to get past Dick, who detains him.) Weally, gentlemen, I am sorry but — I must go, don't you know — I left (violent symptoms) beg pardon, but I left my cabin door open and — ah — someone may steal my — ah — (more violent symptoms) ah my night dress. Excuse me, weally.

(Exit in haste)

Isabel—Oh this swell is horrid. Will it soon be over, Captain?

Captain—Why, I thought you had your sea legs on by this time, young lady. I thought you were going to make a good sailor when you came aboard.

Isabel—Oh, but I'm not, I— I— ah (half swallowing handkerchief) excuse me.

(Exit in haste also)

Aunt Jemima—Izzy—Izzy, come back here. How dare

you leave your Aunt in such a tomboy manner—and me so sick, tew. Oh— Oh— Oh if Hezekiah were only here.

Willoughby—Can I assist you, my dear lady?

Aunt Jemima—If you'll be so kind, sir.

(Willoughby helps her to gangway, where a waiter takes her in charge.)

Tommy—Well I s'pose I hought to go and 'elp the Guvnor secure 'is night dress. Ha! ha! 'e 'as 'eaps of money and 'e 'ired me to take care of 'im, so I must be hoff. Upon my word hit's almost enough to make a man a socialist: this is. 'eres 'im as doesn't do anythink in the world but cut a dash and he gets \$10,000 a year for his trouble; and 'eres me as does every bit as much—in fact I does more, for I dresses 'im and myself too, and I only gets \$300 for my job—but seein' hit's my bread hand butter there hain't no use fightin' with wot I 'as to heat—so I'm hoff.

Willoughby—The die is cast, as Tragedian Snow would say. We've played our cards right so far, and if the boys don't have enough sport in the next day or two to keep the diggins cheerful next winter my name's Dennis, and my reputation's gone.

Captain—Don't be too hard on the boy, Dick. He needs a lesson bad, but remember his mother's telegram. She asked to have him sent home "safe" at all hazards. I can enjoy a good, practical joke myself, but be careful—a mother's a mother all the world over.

Willoughby—Trust me for that, Cap. It will be what we *don't* do that will scare the critter back. But when do you reckon to strike the Takoo on your way South?

Captain—Let me see, with the load I have for Dyca and Chilcat I can't get here again for 36 hours.

Willoughby—All right, Cap. 36 hours goes. We'll have been to Klondike and back by that time, see if we don't. When you reach here be on the lookout for the Spoopendike expedition and on no consideration leave the south shore of the Inlet without us.

Captain—Never fear, man, and I'll see you're well paid for your trouble—but remember, Dick, don't be too hard.

(Exit together)

SCENE IV.

Isabel—(Discovered on deck with Theodore while the vessel is standing at wharf, a view of the gangway

being the most necessary feature.) Were you very sick, Dear?

Theodore—Sick—me sick—Did I not tell you, dawling, that ah—I never get seasick.

Isabel—Oh, how nice it is to be a man. I thought I should have died while the ship was rolling.

Theodore—Well, dawling, you see it all depends on strong will power; I determined when I came on board that I would not be sick, don't you know—and—

Tommy—(Entering in haste) Say, Guvnor, is this your diamond pin?

Theodore—Yes, Tommy, Where did you get it?

Tommy—Oh, I didn't get it at all. One of the waiters gave it me. 'e said 'e found it at the bucket you used w'en the rollin' was on, and so 'e thought it must be yours.

Theodore—Tommy, will you go at once and prepare for landing. Procure the assistance of the guide, Mr. Willoughby, to take our outfit ashore. I will be at hand presently to superintend.

Tommy—All right, Guv., but will I give the waiter something for finding the pin?

Theodore—For goodness sake, Tommy, don't say another word about that pin—In fact I am inclined to believe it is not mine—of course—how could it get into a bucket if it was?

Tommy—But the bucket was in your cabin, Guv.

Theodore—Unless you go and see about that outfit at once I shall become weal angry.

Tommy—(Who does not see the vital point) Oh, all right, Guv., seein' hit's my bread hand butter. I'll keep the pin myself—a penny or two will stand the sailor hoff.

(Exit)

Theodore—Don't you know, Isabel, he is the most aggravating valet I have ever had. But I must put up with him for the next few weeks.

Isabel—Oh, Theedv, how will I ever live without you? How long did you say you would be gone?

Theodore—Perhaps three whole weeks, dawling. I must stay at least two weeks at the mines, you know.

Isabel—(Collapsing in Theodore's arms at the thought). Oh, Theedy, I will surely die.

Theodore—Bear up, dawling. You know I shall be thinking of you all the time. With every shovel full of gold that goes into the cash register I shall say "Thank heaven; here is one more shovelful nearer my Izzy."

Isabel—How nice! But, Theedy, dear, will you promise me one thing before we part?

Theodore—I will promise you anything, dawling.

Isabel—(Nestling into Theedy's arms). Will you promise—solemnly promise—for it will be my only comfort while you are away—that you will not put your arms around any girl till you come back to your own Izzy.

Theodore—Why, dawling, bless you. Of course I will. Your face, and yours only, will be before me always; and as for putting my arms around another girl *I would die first*.

Willoughby—(Passing by unobserved, says in an aside) We'll see about that.

Theodore—And, dawling, to seal my vow—(drops on his knees dramatically, when his golfing trousers burst at one knee without him noticing) I kiss you like this.

Isabel—How nice! (Embraces)

(Just here Tommy enters covered with outfit consisting of gas stove, cradle, creepy chair, cash register, shovel, milk pans, etc., etc., and Theodore, taken by surprise, rises suddenly the result of which is that one leg of his knickerbocker trousers droops down in ludicrous manner).

Tommy—Say, Guv., I can't find the mattress for the cradle anywhere.

Theodore—Never mind, we will buy a new one at Klondike. I see by the papers that all miners have "rockers" and money can procure anything, you know.

Willoughby—(Entering with scales) Excuse me, Mr. Spoopendike, but are these part of your outfit?

Theodore—Why, yes, don't you know. The scales are an original idea of mine, to save time, don't you know.

Willoughby—Indeed! In what way, Mr. Spoopendike?

Theodore—Why, you see to weigh all the coarse gold that is too big to go into the cash register.

Willoughby—That's so. Your ingenuity is marvelous.

Isabel—How nice!

Theodore—Tommy, where is the large kettle? I take great pride in that also, don't you know. It is another idea entirely of my own.

Tommy—It's a comin', Guv. I gave the chap as found the pin the job of lugging up the kettle as a reward for 'is trouble.

Willoughby—You say the kettle is an original idea, eh! In what connection, may I ask?

Theodore—Well in case we run short of provisions,

don't you know, I thought we could use it to boil the gold into bullion (*bouillon*).

Willoughby—What a capital idea. You ought to patent it, Mr. Spoopendike. Why, the idea is worth a Klondike in itself. You'll have the "dead cinch" on the boys at the diggings, sure, when provisions begin to grow scarce—as often happens. I thought at first you had brought it as a protection against the 'skeeters.

Theodore—The what?

Willoughby—Against mosquitoes.

Theodore—A kettle as a protection against mosquitoes—I cannot see the utility—except—

Tommy—He means to boil 'em to thicken the *bullion*, Guv.

Theodore—Oh no! he cawn't mean that.

Willoughby—Of course not. But you are joking, Mr. Spoopendike. Have you never heard of the Klondike mosquitoes. Why they are such tartars, that it is as much as a man's life is worth to be among them. You'll be right glad you have a large kettle when you get there.

Theodore—I'm pleased to hear you say so. But if you don't cook them, Mr. Willoughby, in what other way can the kettle be useful?

Willoughby—As a sort of netting, man. You get underneath the kettle and let the mosquitoes sing.

Theodore—Are they so thick as that? Weally what a providential thought it was to bring that kettle—of course one would be perfectly safe under a kettle!

Willoughby—Yes; but it is always wise to take a hammer in with you.

Theodore—A hammer?

Willoughby—Yes, a hammer. Even sheet iron is not thick enough to frighten off some of the old stagers, but with a good hammer to clinch their bills on the inside you've got the bulge on them and a man's a fool as gets bitten after that.

Theodore—Tommy, it's too bad I didn't bring a kettle for you too; but I'll raise your salary if they bite too hard—

But where are the trunks? Deah me, what a lot one has to think about on the way to Klondike.

Tommy—Comin'. Sir, comin'. The Cap'n 'as har-ranged to 'ave 'em lowered on to the dock by steam. As it took four men to move 'em to the mouth of the 'old. I'll go and 'urry 'im hup.

(Exit)

Willoughby—If you'll excuse me, Mr. Spoopendike, I'll get a rustle on to engage quarters for your outfit. You see Juneau is only a small town and roof room is scarce. And, come to think of it, wouldn't it be as well to wire ahead to Klondike that your expedition is coming. We had better not delay a moment—first come, you know, first served.

Theodore—I never thought of telegraphing. Yes, it is an excellent suggestion. I see that you will be quite useful to me, Mr. Willoughby. Be so kind as to make all arrangements and then meet me at the chief hotel.

(Exit Willoughby)

And now, Isabel, the time has come for us to part (embraces her fondly).

Isabel—Oh! My own Theedy (tears). (Trouser leg drops again).

Theodore—Goodbye! (Arranges trouser leg).

Isabel—Be sure and come back.

Theodore—Yes, dawling. (Trousers still bothering).

Isabel—You will be true?

Theodore—Certainly. (Trousers again)

(Steamer bell).

Isabel—

Theodore—

Farewell! (Shaking handkerchiefs.)

Curtain

ACT II—AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

SCENE I.

(Entry of Dick Willoughby to "Slim Jim's" saloon, hailed with all manner of signs of welcome on his return from the South. When the hubbub ceases, and faro and cards begin to amuse again, Dick comes forward and strikes up conversation with "Col." Snow; while Slim Jim, the bartender, bobs back and forth with drinks which are all obtained from under the counter, as there is prohibition supposed to exist in Alaska.)

Willoughby—Say, Colonel, are you in for a lark?

Snow—A lark! Did you ever know me buck at a lark, Deacon; that you insult me in that shape? Say, Slim, drinks for two. What's the lark Dick? Spit it out, like a good fellow.

Slim Jim—What's it to be?

Snow—Give me it straight.

Willoughby—Me too. Comin' from the Sound I struck a "tenderfoot" named Spoopendike, whose mother don't know he's out and who's dad is anxious to git him home again. The critter ain't satisfied with his prospects as a millionaire's son, but is here with a valet—what do you think of that?—in order to show us common white trash miners how to do our own business. I've promised Cap. Rudlin I'll have the pink-toed beauty and all that belongs to it back safe and sound on his return passage.

Snow—Wall, Deacon, a promise is a sacred thing. Here's to you. Slim (bizness with glasses). Do you think we can manage it?

Slim Jim—I never knew the deacon make a mistake in sizing up his man yet. If the deacon said he'd have him back, the procession's over, becuz the outfit is already aboard.

Willoughby—Now, Slim, let up on that. A little chaff goes a long way if the wind's in the right direction. But, comin' back to bed rock, I've invited the chicken to your roost tonight and as he's always dressed for the occasion, I guess he'll be a formidable looking chap. He has the d—ndest notions about this country of any greeny I ever brushed against; and like most howlin' swells he thinks a man in overalls is as cheap as his duds.

Snow—Well, by the jumpin' jerusalem, if we don't send him back to his ma with an ex-ray photograph of himself this time tomorrow, it will be because he couldn't stand the strain.

Slim Jim—What's the programme, Dick? I'll do my song and dance if you like, just to give the reglars a little diversion.

Willoughby—I've thought the matter over, and to get something rich and juicy let's put him through a "yarn racket" first. It's my policy to be mild, myself. I am his "guide and interpreter, don't you know," and when he is quite satisfied with me his hours are numbered. But you people pull his leg for all it's worth. Don't stick at a yarn because it's been told before, for he's of a conservative blue-blooded strain—anything old is his hobby. He even likes the geography of his early years "because, like wine, don't you know, it has the advantage of age."

(Laughter.)

Slim Jim—And after the yarns how would it do to put him through a step dance or something—I have a persuasive argument here ha! ha! (holds up his six-shooter.)

Willoughby—I've thought of that. I've told him there was going to be a grand ball here tonight. His sweetheart was aboard—a wishy-washy, senseless thing like himself—and I caught him swearing like a house on fire that he would die rather than put his arms around any other girl—

Snow—Ha! ha! Leave that part of the seance to me. Slim, old man, I'll get "The Princess" loaded for b'ar and you do the bluffin' act. Ha! ha! Gemines, wont we have some sport?

Willoughby—If it tain't too late when we get through dancin', I've scratched out a plan to go snipe shootin' (hearty laughter, as "snipe-shooting" is the initiation miners give to all "tenderfeet"). Holy smoke! here he comes, togged out like a Texas cowboy. That's the valet behind him. The little 'un is the makin' of a trump card—but it won't do to let him know too much.

(Enter Theodore and Tommy.)

Theodore—By the bye, Mr. Bartender (with hauteur), are you acquainted with a gentleman named Willoughby—Mr. Richard Willoughby, don't you know?

Willoughby—(coming forward) Ah, Mr. Spooopen-dike, so happy to meet you again. What will you have?

Theodore—(not pleased with tough appearance of



"TO SUP UP THE BLOOD, YOU CHUMP." See page 193

saloon inmates whom he has surveyed somewhat furtively) I nevah indulge—except in the company of—ah—at the club, don't you know.

Slim Jim—Perhaps he would like “a glawss of mil-le-k and a straw, don't you know.”

(Laughter.)

Theodore—Beg pawdon, but I'd rather not, don't you know.

(Renewed laughter) and Theodore first seeing that perhaps they are laughing at him rejoins:

My valet may join you at my expense, if he so desires.

Tommy—(At once jumping at the opportunity) Seein' hit's my bread hand butter, I never likes to fight with wot I got to heat. Make it 'alf 'n 'alf, Landlord.

Slim Jim—(After serving Tommy) Say, stranger, you have a killin' outfit thar. All you need now is a spoon.

Theodore—A spoon? Why, ah—what do I need a spoon for, pray, if I may make bold to awsk?

Slim Jim—To sup up the blood, you chump.

(Manifest amusement.)

Willoughby—(coming to rescue) My partner, Col. Snow, the tragedian, Mr. Spoopendike. Mr. Spoopendike, Col. Snow.

Theodore—Ah, indeed, a twagedian—how very entertaining. I do take great delight in conversing with you—ah—pwofessional people, don't you know. You are so realistic at times, don't you know. It is weally astonishing to me how you find out the way we higher classes live.

Snow—(mimicing) Well, I declare—ah—it is so polite—ah—for a person of your culture —ah—to say so, don't you know.

(Laughter.)

Theodore—(who never knows when he is being laughed at) Not at all—but are you heah for your health?

Snow—For my health—come to Alaska for my health? (laughs immoderately) Ha! ha! ha!

Slim Jim—We don't have any loafers here, stranger. Everyone has to work around a diggins. The Colonel here *acts* in winter and *prosp-acts* in summer. Eh! Deacon.

Willoughby—(soberly) Mr. Spoopendike has allowed me the pleasure and protection of his camp while on the way to Klondike, and in order to get there in good time we start from here at four o'clock tomorrow morning.

Theodore—(to whom this is new) Oh weally, Mr. Willoughby, couldn't we make it later than that? You see I usually breakfast at nine.

Snow—Why, Mr. Spoopendike, if you wait till nine it will be moonlight.

Theodore—Moonlight?

Snow—Why yes, did you never hear that this was the land of the midnight sun?

Theodore—Aw, come to think of it now, I do recall that name, but the reason they called it that never occurred to me before. Of course if they have sun at nighttime it stands to reason the moon must shine by day.

Snow—Certainly.

(Winks and laughter.)

Theodore—Tommy have my shoes polished and my hunting apparel ready for 4 o'clock in the morning.

Tommy—All right, Guv. But, say, I thought as 'ow you wuz agoin' snipe shootin' tomorrow?

Willoughby—(breaking in to smother laughter of "the boys") No, it is tonight that Mr. Spoopendike is goin' to try his luck with the snipes.

Theodore—Weally, Mr. Willoughby, but I fear the fatigue of the ball will unfit me for the pleasure you mention. I only intend to engage in a square dance or two; but even they are tiresome, don't you know. Any-way won't it be too dark?

Willoughby—We always go snipe shooting at night; and as Juneau is the only snipe shooting ground; and as tomorrow night we will be on our way to Klondike; and as gentlemen of your culture are always good sportsmen—why—

Theodore—Yes, as you say, it is rare sport and it will be too bad to miss it. But we can tell better after the ball is over.

Snow—(Sings (and dances) the line) "After the ball is over."

(Laughter.)

Tommy—Did you take part in many hengagements wile you wuz a soldier?

Snow—A soldier—who said I was a soldier, Shorty?

Tommy—W'y; hain't you called Colonel?

Snow—Yes, but that don't cut any figger. It's easy seein' you haven't been long in America, young 'un. A Colonel don't have to be a fightin' man in this country. They called me colonel because I was a lawyer before I left the South.

Tommy—A lawyer, and wot's a colonel got to do with that?

Snow—Not much till you trace the connection. Since the war there has been so many impossible stories told of the brave deeds done during the war and the people who told the stories having always assumed to be colonels, the term colonel now applies to all first-class liars indiscriminately. That's the reason why I left the profession. By the way, Deacon, they've been having some juice up the coast since you were away.

Willoughby—Wet, eh!

Snow—Several nien drowned going through the canyon to the Klondike. They hadn't seen the sun for two weeks when I left the pass.

Tommy—So they 'ave fogs at Klondike too, do they?

Snow—Fogs. No it wasn't fogs either, youngster, it was two weeks of rain—the pure, genuine article.

Slim Jim—You don't call that wet do you pard? I've seen a whole summer go by without even smelling the sun.

Willoughby—That's as bad as the story the missionary told.

Slim Jim—Missionary! What's that?

Theodore—How dreadful. (holds up his hands in amazement) Don't you know what a missionary is.

Snow—Why, Slim, don't you know what a sky pilot is yet. The deacon here was one when he first came among us.

Slim Jim—Oh, one of them mollycoddles as comes here occasionally to tell us we're all going to hell and then takes up a collection to defray the expenses. Oh yes, I know them chaps!

Willoughby—Well the missionary came to Juneau to convert the heathen. He got the Siwashes together—

Tommy—Wot's Siwashes, boss?

Willoughby—Indians—Indians, man. Chinook for Indians, As I said, he got the Siwashes together and, like Mr. Spoopendike's valet here, he didn't know how to chin Chinook. So getting hold of a Siwash that knew the lingo he proceeded to tell the story of Noah and the flood. But he hadn't got far before the interpreter went on strike and told the missionary that, having a good reputation among the warriors, he would not put it in jeopardy by telling such a yarn.

Theodore—Deah me! think of the savage.

Willoughby—Oh, the savage didn't mind. It was

the missionary was in a hole. However by the judicious display of a gaudy colored blanket here and there, he soon found another interpreter, but as the story progressed one buck after another snorted in a contemptuous manner and turning up his nose left the gathering. One old man only was left when the story ended and the missionary, surprised beyond measure, demanded the cause of the wholesale desertion. "Desertion?" said the old Siwash, "They let you down easy, tillicum. I'd a gone too only my leg is paralyzed." But why would you go? demanded the preacher. "Go, why 'cause that story ain't true. See here, stranger, I've seen it rain forty days and forty nights right here in Juneau and the bay never rose an inch."

Theodore—But surely the ah—Siwash do you call it?
Willoughby—Yes.

Theodore—Surely he was prevaricating, was he not?

Slim Jim—I don't know what prevaricating means, stranger, but I tell you that rain story don't cut any figger when it comes to describing the whiskers on Jack Frost.

Theodore—The what, ah I—

Slim Jim—The cold, you gum head. Don't you understand your mother tongue yet?

Theodore—Beg pawdon, but—

Snow—(interrupting) That's what's the matter Slim. Some of those tenderfeet are going to have their toes nipped before they get to Klondike. Down South, where I come from, it's so warm in summer that you have to feed the chickens on ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs. But when they manage to get chickens in at the Klondike they have to feed them on live coals to keep them from laying icicles.

Willoughby—I believe you, Colonel. In fact it's my candid opinion—I may be wrong—but it's my candid opinion there ain't one of them outside my friend, Mr. Spoopendike, here will ever see the Klondike.

Slim Jim—Well I should snicker. Say Mr. Spoopendike, do you like fish.

Theodore—(who wishes to put an end to such familiarity on the part of a mere barman, says with hauteur) I cawn't say that I am particularly fond of that article—why?

Slim Jim—(growing communicative) If you don't like fish, you better not go into the interior.

Theodore—Oh, but I must go. You see I-ah-said I would, you know. What has fish to do with it anyway?

Slim Jim—It has all to do with it. You won't have another bite to eat for months at a time. Everything else freezes harder than bedrock. Why my pard and I got caught in the gold fields last year and we had to winter on the Yukon. Talk about freezo tillicum, thar's where you get the gilt edge variety. We knocked up a cabin on the banks of the river but it was so cold the cabin was cultus, and we had to take turns—Bill and me—to shovel our frozen breath out of the shack.

Theodore—Excuse me, sir, but—ah—you used some strange expressions while you were speaking, don't you know. I have noted some of them as I desire to acquire the language of these parts. Here they are—telly—tillykum and kultus—

Willoughby—Entirely my fault, Mr. Spoopendike. "Tillicum" means friend and "cultus" means worthless. When a cabin is cultus, Slim means it was no use. These are Chinook words which I have undertaken, as you remember, to interpret for you. Go on, Slim, what did you have to eat. (Aside to Theodore) I will try and explain his words as he goes along.

Slim Jim—Wall, I might say that before the winter had really set in—when the ice was only about ten feet thick—Bill—Buckskin Bill—that was my backlog—

Theodore—Backlog! What's that? Is that Chinook too?

Willoughby—No that's English, that means bedfellow.

Slim Jim—Bill and I dug a hole in the ice as I said before, and by the aid of a net caught enough fish in a few hours to last us for the winter.

Tommy—Say, Landlord, that's hall guff you're a giving of us. Didn't the fish freeze too?

Slim Jim—Who said they didn't, Smarty? The moment we hauled them out they were as stiff as pokers. We left them at the ice hole in a pile just as we caught them and came for a fish each meal according as we wanted one. But if it hadn't been for those same "pokers" we'd a died of scurvy. They were the only fresh meat we had all winter.

Theodore—But towards the lawst the fish you speak of wouldn't be any too fresh either?

Slim Jim—Not fresh. It must be painful to be green as you are. Why, stranger, those fish were fresher in the fry pan than they were the day we hauled them out. Would you believe it, Deacon, we had to hit every blamed finny on the head with a pick to keep it from

splashing the gravy all over the cabin while it was being thawed back to life.

Tommy—Wot time does the winter break hup at Klondike, Boss?

Slim Jim—Oh, sometime in July. But that reminds me, Colonel, of your chicken story. I can't say I've come through anything like the live coal experience but I can come pretty darn near it. Two years ago—Whistlin' Ben—You remember Ben, don't yer?

Snow—The squinty eyed chap?

Slim Jim—No, no! the fellow with the impedymment—the frog in his throat. Don't you remember, he used to whistle when he couldn't get the word?

Snow—Oh yes, yes of course I do.

Slim Jim—Well Whistlin' Ben packed a bunch of chickens into the country, thinkin' to raise poultry as a bizness. He hadn't been thar long, howsomever, before they began to dwindle away.

Theodore—Poor things, the cold weather was too much for them. Eh!

Slim Jim—Wrong again. Grub was so scarce, "the boys" had to buy him out. They bought all but the rooster it turned out; but as it come along toward winter, Ben decided to *keep him* for a Christmas dinner. It was hard work but he managed to save the bird's neck by keeping it tied up under his bed.

Theodore—Afraid of thieves, I suppose?

Slim Jim—Naw. It was the frost this time. The day before Christmas he untied the string to get the fowl ready for the pot when it got out of the cabin and away from him. Well, you should have seen the scramble in camp when they heard about it. It happened I was one of the invited guests for the next day's dinner, and under the circumstances I joined in the search. Finally we tracked the critter through the snow to a high hill in the neighborhood, and as we came near he was standing on tiptoes flapping his wings, and to look at him one would have thought he wuz crowin' to beat the band.

Snow—And wasn't he?

Slim Jim—No, Colonel, I declare it was funny! but we couldn't hear a sound. However we were glad we had tracked the beauty—crow or no crow—and to make sure we wouldn't lose him again I blazed away, and Ben soon had him ready for the feast.

Tommy—But wot 'as all that got to do with July I'd like to know.

Slim Jim—I'm comin' to that. On the 4th of July all the Americans in camp got together to give Uncle Sam a good send off. We made a bon-fire; fired off a "few de joy;" sang Yankee doodle and painted the camp red generally. Of course we had to have an oration. A glorious Fourth ain't anything without an oration. So we got the best talker among us to get a good old Bunker Hill explosion ready and when it came time we raised him up on the highest ground in the vicinity; and, just when the sun was doin' its prettiest and the tickers were pointin' to high noon, we set the orator goin'. Then came the curious part of the performance. He had no sooner opened his mouth than, shrill and clear, above everything, we heard a loud "cook a doodle do—cook a doodle do (flapping his arms like wings) and it kept a-goin' till at last the orator had to sit down.

Snow—Strange phenomenon that. How did you account for it, Slim?

Slim Jim—Simple as rollin' off a log. Turned out the platform stood on the very hill where we had choked the cock the Christmas before. He had been crowin' all right when we caught him, but it wuz so cold that even the sound wuz frozen and fell to the ground without bein' heard. The theory wuz plain enough, but the funny part wuz that it should wait till the 4th of July oration before it began to thaw out.

Willoughby—Well that *was* rather a coincidence, wasn't it? What do you think of that, youngster?

Tommy—Hoh! that hain't nothing. *I've hoften 'eared the American eagle crow.*

Snow—Egad it's a good thing little Johnny Bull wasn't there. If he had, people would have been inclined to say the whole thing was a Cock and Bull story eh!

Theodore—Deah me, if the weather is so frightfully cold, how do you manage for fuel?

Snow—Wood—they burn wood you see—and it takes more than an armful to do it, too.

Theodore—Do you have much trouble finding timber?

Snow—Not by a jugful; the trouble comes in cutting it down. Are you a good hand with an axe?

Theodore—Nevah had one in my hand.

Snow—Whew! Then you'll wish you hadn't come, I'll swar. You've heard of the Big Trees of California haven't you?

Tommy—Oh, yes, I 'ave. They makes wine out of

'em don't they? I've seed 'em in hadvertisements. They calls hit Big Tree Blend.

Snow—I guess they must if you say so—eh boys, ha! ha! But the big trees of California don't cut a figure beside those of the Klondike.

Theodore—My! My!

Snow—Why I went out one morning to do a little chopping for a cold day and I found a tree that seemed to suit me exactly. I started in at once and kept at it till I got hungry. While I was eating lunch, I heard a tapping and a tapping that sounded for all the world like a wood pecker; and yet it grew too loud for a wood pecker. My curiosity was roused and after I had eaten my dinner I went to explore. And what do you suppose I found, Mr. Spoopendike?

Theodore—I couldn't say, I'm sure.

Snow—Why I found another man chopping at the same tree and he'd been there longer than I had been.

Theodore—What an enormous tree! Are you sure it was the very same tree?

Slim Jim—Colonel, do you know I had clean forgot all about that incident. You remember it wuz me wuz the other fellow.

Snow—Shake, ole man, so it was. Let's have another drink on the strength of it.

Willoughby—Talking about wood, Colonel! What's the matter with that ditty you used to sing us at the show. I'm sure our distinguished friend will be pleased to hear it.

Slim Jim—Yes that 'un about the wood pile. Sing it Snow—we'll all be quiet as kittens. It's so durn life like that I have the shivers everytime I hear it. Sing it like a good fellow.

Snow—All right, Slim. Pass us over something to wet my whistle. I ain't particular about a tuning fork but a tuning glass is indispensable.

(Takes drink.)

THE SONG OF A WOOD-PILE.

I wintered one season at Juneau
Where the weather is awfully chill;
And the wind it blew fierce through the window
With a fury that boded me ill:
I had to my name scarce a dollar—

I lived a la poverty style;
And the one friend I had in my squalor
Was a rousing, substantial wood-pile.
But I sighed as I looked on that wood-pile
As I gazed on it day after day;
Yes, I sighed as I looked on that wood-pile
And saw that it dwindled away.

When the Winter first came with its blizzards,
Says I to myself with a smile:
"If all of my other friends fail me
"I'll still have that rousing wood-pile."
I strutted about in my gladness,
And naught could diminish my glee;
Thinks I "Who could languish in sadness,
And have such a wood-pile to see?"
But I sighed as I looked on that wood-pile,
As I gazed on it, day after day;
Yes, I sighed as I looked on that wood-pile,
And saw that it dwindled away.

It seemed cold as icebergs for ages;
The Winter was long and severe;
So I kept piling wood in my heater,
Regardless that wood-piles were dear.
The weather was just at its coldest,
When lo! I was horribly pained
To find, though I'm one of the boldest,
No stick of my wood-pile remained.
So I sighed as I looked for that wood-pile
I sighed, as I gazed in dismay;
So I sighed as I looked for that wood-pile
When the wood-pile had dwindled away.

And now, friends, I'll tell you the moral—
The moral of this little lay:
And you'll hear what is taught by a wood-pile—
A wood-pile that dwindles away.
When the Winter ne'er seems to be going,
But the wood goes in spite of your sigh;
While the snow and the wind keeps a-blowing—
Get another big wood-pile or die.
For to sigh as you gaze on a wood-pile,
To sigh, as you gaze in dismay;
For to sigh as you gaze on a wood-pile
Don't keep it from dwindling away.

(Applause.)

Snow—(after another drink) Say, Mr. Spoopendike, don't you sing?

Theodore—Me sing? How is it people get the idea into their heads that I sing? Not that there is anything particularly wrong with music—classical music—don't you know—so long as it is in its place. But to class me on a level with people who make a living by means of it is very annoying, don't you know. No I do not sing, most decidedly. My valet may perhaps favor you, but as for me the request is a positive insult.

Snow—I beg your pardon, Mr. Spoopendike. No offense I assure you. It was the length of your ears made me think that perhaps you might be able to bray a little. But I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. Slim give the little un another "'alf 'n 'alf." Now, Tommy, what say you to a song?

Tommy—Hall right, boss. Seein' hit's my bread hand butter. I never likes to fight with wot I 'as to heat:

(Takes a drink and sings:)

HE COULDN'T SIT DOWN.

One day I determined to go for a ride,—
Though 'twas long since I'd mounted a horse,—
And felt so indignant, it injured my pride,
When told I'd be sorry—or worse.
I grew quite impatient at every delay,
While waiting to straddle "the brown,"

And until the hostler was well on the way,
I couldn't be made to sit down.
I couldn't sit down, I couldn't sit down,
No, I really couldn't sit down;
You may laugh if you please,
You may titter and tease—
But I really couldn't sit down.

As soon as my steed was in trim for the road,
I strove to get onto his back;
But though I quite loudly and earnestly "whoaed"
He wouldn't stand still in his track.
Undaunted I smiled at the gathering throng,
To show them I was not a clown;
But with one stirrup short and the other one long—
I really couldn't sit down.
I couldn't sit down, I couldn't sit down,
No, I really couldn't sit down;
You may laugh if you please,
You may titter and tease—
But I really couldn't sit down.

In time I was able to manage the beast,
And flew from the place like a shot;
Says I to myself "Now I'm in for a feast"
And one I'll remember, I wot."
I tried to ride easy and practised the lope;
But 'twould make e'en a Methodist frown,
That horse and that saddle so jolted me up,
That I didn't know how to sit down.
I couldn't sit down, I couldn't sit down,
No, I really couldn't sit down;
You may laugh if you please,
You may titter and tease—
But I really couldn't sit down.

At last when I thought I would surely succumb,
And my body seemed limp as a rag,
I once more got back to the "pleasures of home"
And off from that dastardly nag.
But my troubles alas did not end with the ride,
And I soon was the laugh of the town,
For no matter how tenderly, careful I tried—
For a fortnight I could not sit down.
I couldn't sit down, I couldn't sit down,
No, I really couldn't sit down;
You may laugh if you please,
You may titter and tease—
But I really couldn't sit down.

Snow—Bravo! Young un; if you stay in the country hang me if I don't set you up as a star in the Snow dramatic troupe.

Slim Jim—That's right, Colonel. You allus know when you strike oil. I'm blamed if you don't.

Theodore—Excuse me, but what do you mean by the expression "strike oil?"

Snow—You don't mean to say you've never been to Pennsylvania? Mr. Spoopendike.

Theodore—I cawn't say that I have.

Slim Jim—Hain't you been *nowhere*?

Theodore—Yes, I've been to *Chicago*—but what's that got to do with "striking oil?"

Slim Jim—Explain the thing to him, Colonel, I hain't time.

Snow—Why, Mr. Spoopendike, the term is of a technical nature, and like a good many other technical terms it's sort of upside down. As a matter of fact when you come to the oil, it's ten to one that the oil strikes you before you have a chance to get in fighting position. When I was in the oil region they were talking about a fellow who struck oil on his claim when he had nigh given up hope. You see he had been boring for months without success when at last his efforts were rewarded. Yes—though he'd been getting ready for it for a whole summer, yet, when it did come, he wasn't ready, and, by George, before he could turn to grab his oil coat he was up 200 feet in air dancing around on the top of the stream for all the world like a jumping jack.

Theodore—Deah, deah, and did they save his life?

Snow—Saved it, yes; he was up there for three days in all; but they got him all O.K.

Tommy—He lived on hoil I suppose w'en 'e got 'ungry?

Snow—No that was the funny part of it. He never missed a meal all the time he was there. They just put some ham and eggs, or whatever he liked, on a plate and shoved it into the stream and up she went to him like a dumb waiter.

Tommy—Well, boss, you beats the French. Shake, old man, I'm somewhat of a lawyer myself.

Theodore—And I suppose the poor fellow would have to eat it, oil and all. It was enough to give him dyspepsia, don't you know.

Slim Jim—A man that does any roughing gets used to some pretty tough muckamuck nowadays. Say, Snow, tell him about one-legged Jack.

Willoughby—No don't, it's too horrible.

Slim Jim—But if it's true?

Willoughby—It's the very truth of it makes my hair stand on end. (Wink.)

Slim Jim—Well, I say Dick, we all know you are a soft hearted sort of chap. Try your luck at the faro board while the Colonel's telling about it.

Snow—No, you tell it yourself, Slim. I'll swear to it being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Gemines—but you can tell it better than I can.

Slim Jim—Wall, like all true stories thar ain't much of it. A few years ago a tenderfoot came to camp and outfitted for the Yukon. He started in alone and came back next season with one of his feet gone. It seems when he got into the interior he ran short of grub. He came near starving to death and at last decided he'd have to do something. So he sot down and thought out which limb he could easiest do without. After deliberating for some time he chose the right foot and taking his sheath knife cut it off and lived on it till help came.

Theodore—Mercy! What a terrible ordeal.

Tommy—I'd a chose the left foot if he'd axed me.

Slim Jim—Wall it did go a little agin' the grain to take the right foot, but you see that was the one on which the *corn grew*.

Theodore—Well, I do hope weally that nothing like

that will happen to me. But I understood there was lots of game in the country, don't you know.

Snow—Yes, there is some game too. If there ain't we make it when there are tenderfeet around, eh! Slim? Say, by the way, Slim, did you ever see Siwashes eat deer meat?

Slim Jim—Yaas, let's see, the last time I took notice was a year ago at Devil's Gulch. There hadn't been any deer seen for a month when suddenly a fat buck was packed into camp. Well say, didn't they have a potlach! it was worth a day's pickin' to see the Siwashes pile into that deer, kicking and groaning though it was.

Theodore—Did they succeed in killing it?

Slim Jim—Naw! they didn't want it dead. You see, stranger, a savage is like a white man, he likes his meat served warm. As I wuz saying I never saw a bigger scramble. The Klootchies were the worst.

Willoughby—(aside to Theodore) Klootch means Indian woman.

Slim Jim—They ain't stuck on forks nohow; and not havin' any handy they took the finger method. One would snatch a handful of the meat and if it wuz too large a Siwash and Klootch would take sides of it in their teeth this way (bizzness) and then the buck, who always carries a knife, would jerk the blade upward this fashion, (bizzness) and that's how most of the carcase was cleaned off.

Theodore—Deah, oh deah! how very dreadful.

Snow—Yes, it is fun I can tell you! That's how most of the Klootchies of the country have the fleshy part of their noses gone. The Siwashes are so greedy that they glance the edge of the knife out towards the Klootch and, as it comes up with the jerk Slim mentioned, the Klootch's nose is off before she ever smells the knife.

Theodore—Surely, that cawn't be so?

Snow—I'll leave it to Slim.

Slim Jim—That's right, stranger. I'll back up everything the tragedian says. I've seen some pretty "white" men in my time, but in all my travels I never saw one that was "whiter than Snow."

Theodore—But do you mean to say they eat the raw meat?

Willoughby—Why, my dear Mr. Spoopendike, did you never hear that before? The Indians of the country are worse than cannibals. When I was off to the

Westward prospecting for coal some years ago, I went into Oonalaska to provision my launch.

Snow—(breaking in) Sling us over that box, Slim. Excuse me, Deacon, but I thought I'd like to smoke while you were telling that yarn.

Willoughby—I don't mind having a puff or two myself, seein' you're so pressin'. Thankee, Slim (lights a cigar). Well, as I was sayin', Mr. Spoopendike (puff), we went ashore at Oonalaska and I noticed a seedy sort of smell. I enquired what it was and the authorities pointed me to a whale's carcase that had floated ashore. They were overjoyed at my timely appearance (puff) and offered to pay me handsomely if I would tow the carcase to sea as it would take so long to get rid of the nuisance any other way. I agreed and after—(taking a long puff) after attaching a hawser and harpoon to the whale I started out. My launch was a light one, and it took considerable time to get under way. When I was away from shore—well let me see—oh I calculate about half a mile, I heard a subdued sort of noise coming from the carcase. I listened and the mate listened and we both listened and bein' satisfied there was something wrong (puff) I hauled the carcase back ashore (puff). Well to make a long story short, what do you suppose it was?

Tommy—Jonah, wasn't it?

Willoughby—Jonah! naw. I declare if it wasn't an Indian and his family so preoccupied inside eating blubber that they didn't notice the tackle being attached and come nearly being drowned in consequence.

Theodore—Oh, how beastly and do the people live on putrified whales at the Klondike?

Slim Jim—Live on whales? I guess not. They don't have such luck. That's what we miners call "strikin' it rich." One season I was there the Siwashes packed a supply of blubber into the diggings. It was divided up evenly a pound of gold for a pound of blubber until it was all gone. Next day a mossback—

Tommy—Mossback! Wot's that?

Willoughby—That means old timer—a man like Slim Jim.

Tommy—Oh, a man as tells w'oppers?

Slim Jim—Next day a Mossback, as hadn't had gold enough to buy any, struck pay dirt on his claim and offered even the odds in gold for a morsel of blubber. But he wasn't in it. That night it was reported that a piece of blubber had been stolen and as things looked

mighty suspicious we immediately strung up the Mossback, who had tried to buy it, as a warning to others.

Snow—That was your old tillicum, Buckskin Billy, wasn't it?

Slim Jim—Yes, as white a chap as ever made a riffle or broke a bank.

Snow—They found out after that he wasn't the man didn't they?

Slim Jim—Yes—turned out the dogs had chewed it.

Theodore—What did they do then?

Slim Jim—Do then! What d'ye s'pose any camp of self-respectin' miners would do? They strung up the tenderfoot who had seen the dogs eat the meat for not havin' come sooner to tell about it.

Theodore—How shocking!

Slim Jim—But say, youngster, talkin' about Jonah, you seem to know somethin' about him?

Tommy—No more than that he swallowed a whale and spit it out three days after on dry land.

Theodore—Tompkins, you surprise me. I know you have not a college education and are not expected to know a great deal, but still to find you so ignorant in a matter of that kind is—ah—pitiful to say the least. If I remember rightly, it was the whale did the—ah—swallowing.

Tommy—Yes, Guv., I knows that but I likes to adapt myself to the company I'm in; see! I hain't been a whole day in Alaska without finding out it's bad hetiquette to be too pertickler about such stories.

Theodore—Why young man, are you a heathen?

Tommy—Dunno.

Theodore—You don't know what religion you are?

Tommy—Not till I'm married.

Theodore—What has that to do with it?

Tommy—Well don't yer see I'm going to be the same religion as my wife to havoid trouble.

Theodore—(showing his authority) I fail to understand you, Tommy, and in future—ahem—I wish you to be more accurate as to matters of religious importance. Strange to say I—a person of college education— have arrived at an altogether different conclusion. In fact the terrible struggles which those men assure us they have had to come through and the alarming death rate they depict have convinced me that religion after all may stand us in good stead before we get to Klondike.

Slim Jim—That's just what I was goin' to say, stranger. By the way, have you heard the latest theory



THEEDY WALTZING WITH STARLITZ UNDER PRESSURE. See p. 214

on the Jonah question. They teach theory at Harvard don't they?

Theodore—I cawn't say weally. You see I went to a private college. My mother thought Harvard was too common, don't you know.

Snow—What is the Jonah theory, Slim?

Slim Jim—Oh nuthin' much. They've found out tobacco had a good deal to do with it. When Jonah got "taken in" he found himself in rather close quarters. He was too scared to do much the first day; but finding on the next day that things wuz growin' monotonous, he got to thinkin'. Bein' a smoking man it occurred to him suddenly that he had a twist of French Canadian tobacco in his breeches pocket. You know how strong Canadian tobacco is, don't you?

Snow—Rather.

Slim Jim—Wall, he took out the twist, broke up a pipe full and finding a match that wasn't wet, he struck it on one of the whale's spare ribs and was soon havin' a comfortable smoke.

Snow—Is that all?

Slim Jim—Why, no George. That's just the beginning. The whale was a skookum—

Willoughby—Skookum means strong.

Slim Jim—Chap that could stand anything. Jonah wasn't the first man he had made smoke. But, Gemine Christmas, Jonah was the first who had used the Canadian brand. The monster rolled around uncomfortable like for awhile like a seasick tenderfoot and then made for the nearest land. It was worse than eating green apples. Even the whale couldn't stomach it and Jonah found himself cast ashore, just as history relates, before he had half finished the twist.

Snow—Can that story be proved?

Slim Jim—Of course it can. That's what the boys all mean when they say "Holy smoke."

(Breathing space—uproar at faro table. Tommy happy with his 'alf in 'alf, which is continually being replenished. Dick and Snow in lounging positions. Slim serves drinks at card table and then saunters back as Theodore grows restless and asks)

Theodore—But I heard there were lots of bears at the Klondike?

Slim Jim—Bears—yes the woods are full of them. But you can't git near them till they're hungry, and then it ain't safe.

Snow—If you keep a fire agoin' in camp, you're all right. But once your light goes out—

Theodore—And then what happens?

Snow—(with a grin) Well I wouldn't advise anyone to stop to see.

Slim Jim—Oh, if a man has plenty of nerve he can manage a bear all right. George, (addressing *Snow* seriously) I knew of a man once, that was caught nappin' by a grizzly but before the monster had a chance to get in his funny work the chap—who had an extra long arm—thrust it down the critter's throat and grabbin' his tail sudden like, turned the brute inside out and got away.

Tommy—Say, Guv., I've heared that story in London, so I knows it's a w'opper.

Snow—(winking at *Slim*) Well *Slim*, I'm down-right glad to hear you tell that experience. Mr. Spoopendike's valet ain't lyin' for I've heard it before myself, but never believed it possible till now. In fact, I knew a gentleman, somehow Mr. Spoopendike here reminds me of him, who actually tried the dodge, but found too late that his arm wasn't long enough.

Slim Jim—Perhaps it wuz his head wuzn't long enough.

Snow—I can't say as to that, for after the bear was finished with him there wasn't enough left to measure.

Theodore—Meeting with so many different fates ah, don't you know, there must be quite a number of the lower classes—I mean miners—die at Klondike.

Slim Jim—Die! well I should snicker! My pard and I staked out our claim last season with frozen tenderfeet.

Snow—(seeing *Theedy* grow skeptical hastens to remark) Oh that was your claim was it? I wondered who had taken the trouble to get so many stiffs together. But say, *Slim*, you remember little Mack, the undertaker?

Slim Jim—Oh, "Wee Sandy," I should think I did. He left here for the mountains last spring with hardly a red to his name.

Snow—That's the man. I was just going to tell you how he tried to make a grubstake out of a tenderfoot. Word came to camp that a wealthy man was at Juneau trying to find out something about his son who had started off for the gold fields and had got drowned in some of the canyons en route. Mac. decided to take up the lead as a speculation and mutilating a dead

carcase he had come across, to resemble the description he had received, he sent word that the body was found, and asked to know would he prepare a coffin for the dead. It took some time for this to happen and by the time the old man arrived on the scene the corpse was a little the worse for wear. The father was forced to take Mac's word that it tallied with the description and immediately made Mac's heart glad by ordering an expensive burial outfit. But just as he was turning away from what he thought was his poor dead son, the chin rest fell to one side and caused the jaw to drop far enough to display a fine set of teeth. Amazement covered the tourist's face for a moment and then, remembering that his son had early lost both sets by an accident, countermanded the order and proceeded to make further search.

Slim Jim—That was hard on Mac.

Snow—Yes, that's where the joke comes in. The stranger had no sooner left the cabin than Mac, unable to restrain his disappointment, went up to the corpse, and slapping it violently (goes through motion) on the face, said: "There, take that you lout. If you'd only had enough sense to hold your mouth shut you'd o'had a decent burial and I'd o'been a hundred and fifty dollars in pocket."

Theodore—Weally, gentlemen, I must implore you to stop. Your strange experiences make my flesh creep—don't you know. By the way, Mr. Willoughby, when does the ball begin? It's after nine now. (Looking at watch.)

Willoughby—You're right. Slim, I guess you'd better set the ball a rolling. But (turning to Theodore) you will have to change will you not? (With a wink at the others.)

Theodore—Oh, certainly. I will retire at once—with your permission, gentlemen—and will meet you here later. Come Tommy.

(Exeunt Theedy and Tommy).

SCENE II.

(Same saloon but folding doors at back opened to give room for dancing. Music starts and a procession of Indian women in gaudy calico dresses and miners in rough clothes pass in and a square dance (quadrille) with Snow as floor manager calling out the different figures. Slim, behind bar, and all others dance. Just as it ends, Theodore enters in full dress, followed

by the ubiquitous Tommy. Of course the full dress attracts immediate attention, as the Indian women have never seen such an outfit, and the miners, who are mostly in their shirt sleeves, with sombrero hats, rubber high topped boots, and patched clothing, are amused at the contrast.)

Theodore—Well, did you ever—who are those creatures with the red faces? Is this the ball? Tommy—ah—where are you, Tommy. Oh, dear, I believe I will go snipe shooting.

Willoughby—Ah, Mr. Spoopendike, glad to see you back. I'm sure you will enjoy a turn with the ladies. Your striking and select appearance will make you the observed of all observers. Ladies always appreciate a man who, like themselves, dresses for the occasion.

Theodore—(uncomfortable) Weaily, I don't know about that—or rather—I must be going, don't you know. At what time did you say we were to go snipe shooting?

(General titter.)

Willoughby—Oh, don't let that interfere with present pleasure, Mr. Spoopendike. We can postpone that, Mr. Spoopendike—indeed we can—seein' you're so tired, you know.

Snow—Ah, Mr. Spoopendike; so glad you are here. This is just where a young sport like you will enjoy yourself. The ladies are in rapture over you. What a lucky dog you are, to be sure. Blue Blood always tells when ladies are around.

Theodore—But I fail to see any ladies, ah—white ladies I mean.

Snow—Well that is a joke. Say Dick, Mr. Spoopendike wants to know where the white ladies are—white ladies in Alaska, ha! ha!

Willoughby—Wall yes, it is a good joke. Thar's a good many more of us looking for white ladies too. White ladies in Juneau, Mr. Spoopendike, are as scarce as chicken's teeth. They're not so scarce here as they are in the interior. When a man sees a white woman comin' along in 'thar he gets to one side so she'll have lots of room to pass. Then he stares her from head to foot till she's out of sight, and for weeks that day is a red letter day in his existence. Yes, whatever happens around that time he sets down as "so many days before" or "so many days after" the day he saw the white lady. A good joke, Colonel, a good joke. Mr. Spoopendike is growing quite sociable.

Snow—(laughing immoderately) Sociable ain't the word for it, Deacon, he's a comedian.

Theodore—I'm very thankful, gentlemen, for your appreciation, but weally—ah—I am so anxious—ah—

Snow—Oh, is that so. I will go this very minute and procure a partner for you. (Hastens over to the furthest end of room.)

Theodore—Weally—weally—(calling louder). You mistake me. I—ah—desire to go—ah—snipe shooting, don't you know.

(Louder titter.)

Willoughby—Never mind the snipe shooting, Mr. Spoopendike. We have delayed that part of the programme purposely to give you the pleasure of a waltz.

Theodore—A waltz. Save me. No, I wasn't going to waltz anyway, but with one of those vulgar creatures, I really must decline—I—

Snow—(who returns with Starlitz, whom he introduces as "the princess" with great show of decorum)

Snow—Allow me, Mr. Spoopendike. Recognizing your great and shining abilities, Starlitz, the beautiful—the famous Jim Jam princess Starlitz—has graciously consented to a waltz with you.

Theodore—(In terrible hot water) I'm sure you are very kind, yes, very kind indeed—but—

Willoughby—(aside to Snow) He's thinking of his vow to Izzy now.

Theodore—"But you see I am unwell, or rather I should say, Tommy, will you go at once and arrange my shooting apparel.

Tommy—Yes, Guv. Seein' as 'ow as hit's my bread hand butter, but I 'ates to leave this henchanting scene. (Exit Tommy.)

Theodore—You see, Miss Star—Starlitz, did you say? (Turns to Snow who bows serenely) I am going snipe shooting.

(General titter.)

Snow—Miss Starlitz does not understand English very well, Mr. Spoopendike. But she is the daughter of the most powerful Indian chief in these parts and it would be safer not to hurt her feelings in any way. She is greatly fascinated with your dress coat and I believe if you tried real hard, you might become joint ruler with her when her father dies.

Theodore—Oh, weally, I cannot—don't you know. This is so embarrassing, I—aw—

Slim Jim—(who approaches with a revolver in his

hand seemingly quite careless as to the possibility of its going off, even though the barrel is pointing at Theodore) See hyar, stranger. These ladies are here at my request. I hain't the slightest doubt but that you are overwhelmed with the sublime honor that Starlitz has conferred upon you. In fact, I s'pose that's what made you fergit the ball is waitin' on you. I might say incidentally that it's part of my dooty as temporary guardian of the ladies to see that they are politely treated, and I hain't the slightest doubt either, that you will assist me in that pertikler. It is one of the rules of the floor in a mining camp that when a man is requested by a lady to dance he must accept the situation or provide a substitute. It is unnecessary (speaks in a stage whisper aside to Theedy) to mention that this gun is loaded for b'ar.

Theodore—But—but—I—

Slim Jim—Strike up the music Fiddler. All take your partners for a waltz.

Starlitz—Cum, me tink you vely plitty. Me no mind you no dance good; me show you.

(Pulls Theodore's arm.)

Theodore—(in agony) Oh Tommy, Tommy, where is Tommy? He'll be my substitute.

(Starlitz tugs at his arm and looking round for Tommy he sees Slim Jim cock the revolver. There is no pity there. Tommy is gone for the shooting apparel. It seems to be death or waltz. So finally he waltzes in a most ludicrous manner; his eyes fixed on a level with the revolver and his head bent back as though to get his nose as far away from his partner as possible. Tommy comes in while the waltz is in progress and says:)

Tommy—Say Guv., she's not quite as tall as Miss Izzy, but she's 'hall there.

Theodore—Hush, Tommy, for heaven's sake—(sees the revolver). Don't remind me of that sweet face.

Starlitz—You tink my face is sweet? Me tink you vely pletty fellow.

(Finally all sit down but Theodore and Starlitz. The revolver still gleams and Theedy is too scared to stop.)

Tommy—(not seeing the revolver incident is wondering) You're shooting apparel is ready, Guvnor. But say! You seem to be stuck on waltzing. I don't blame you heither. She's a "bute" and no mistake. (Music stops but revolver still in position.)

Slim Jim—Why, Mr. *Souponstrike*, you enjoy the

dance more than we imagined you would. If you will stop for a moment, I'll ask them to strike up a polka.

Theodore—(stops abruptly when danger is past) God forbid—a polka—Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

Tommy—'Ere y'are, Guv. Wot can I do to hadd to yer pleasure?

Theodore—Please carry this royal lady (irony) round the floor during the next dawnce—the floor rules demand a substitute.

Willoughby—(apparently oblivious of revolver incident) But don't rush off unless you wish, Mr. Spoopendike, I knew you would like it.

Snow—Yes, stay a bit longer. You can have the same partner again if you like. Oh, (poking Theodore in ribs) you are a lucky dog and no mistake.

Theodore—Don't mention it, Gentlemen, you see I have taken a fancy to snipe shooting (titter) and although I hate to drag you away from—ah—the ball, if you will call at my hotel, I will be ready to accompany you at once—if not sooner.

Snow—But why go to your hotel?

Theodore—Oh, I need my shooting apparel, don't you know.

Willoughby—Never mind changing again, Mr. Spoopendike. It's getting late you know. Slim can lend you a pair of gum boots and we'll go at once. Eh! Colonel?

Slim Jim—Yes, he can have 'em. (Holds out boots.)

Snow—All right; let's go snipe shooting.

(Titter.)

Starlitz—(coming forward quickly as she sees three getting ready to go.) Mr. Sootike, me want to dance polka wis you.

Theodore—Weally, my deah lady, I have a very pwessing pwevious engagement, don't you know—and it is weally—(looking round furtively for revolver) impossible to take advantage of your thoughtfulness. (Aside) Tommy, didn't I tell you to assist the lady around the room; let her polka with you for heaven's sake.

Tommy—(who is really delighted) All right Guv., seein' has 'ow has hit's my bread hand butter, I never likes to fight with wot I 'as to heat.

(Tommy takes Starlitz in tow. Theodore takes high boots and miners grin in back ground.)

Curtain.

ACT III—STILL AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

SCENE I.

Theodore—(Discovered standing up to his knees in swamp, holding a lantern in one hand and a game bag, which he has difficulty in keeping open, in the other. His dress suit is wet and limpid, the tall hat being particularly the worse for wear.) I wonder what time it is—I can't hardly hold my eyes open—I can't understand how it is Mr. Willoughby and his friend do not come back—strange there has not been a single snipe shot. This is beastly uncomfortable—but it's better than dancing with those salmony smelling natives—I'm glad Izzy didn't see that, don't you know. But hush, there's that crackling again. It's been going on all night. It must be bears—that's what they meant when they said "the woods were full of them." It's a good thing I have a light—I loaned Mr. Willoughby my gun—he said his was at the locksmith's having the barrel greased. But, mercy on me, the lantern is going out—We'll never be able to get back to the canoe—and the snipes won't see the bag either—and Mr. Snow—(crackling in bushes) But there it is again—just what they said—the bears will come when the light goes out—so the miners said. What vulgar creatures miners are, to be sure—but they're better than bears. Mercy on me, the crackling comes nearer—Will I call out?—No, no, it's sure to be a bear—I wonder is my arm long enough, but hush—it's whistling.

Tommy—(Who has been whistling the chorus tune of "Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone." breaks out into song from behind the scenes as follows:)

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

I

I once was a music hall singer,
The critics all knew me by name;
And when I was singing they'd linger
To listen and add to my fame.
Oh those were my happiest days;



THEEDY "HOLDING THE BAG" IN A SNIPE SHOOTING EXPEDITION.
See page 216

There in front of the footlights' blaze;
With my head and my heart in a whirl;
For must I confess
I owed my success,
To a sweet little typewriter girl.

CHORUS

Oh yes, she was a sweet typewriter girl;
My sweet little typewriter girl;
With her lips in pout and her hair in curl,
A sweet little typewriter girl.

II

My typewriter girl was a novice,
When I first got in range of her smile;
She worked for a baker named Hovis,
Who didn't catch on to her style.
He said she was slow as a coach:
Wasn't that a disgraceful reproach
To hurl at my dear little pearl?
And he gave her the sack,
When she answered him back;
Sacked my sweet little typewriter girl.

III

She then got a "sit" with an author,
Who said she'd have half of his gains;
He gave her a great deal of bother,
But neither got aught for their pains.
And then she got terribly "broke,"
And put all my presents in soak,
Before she her tale would unfurl;
But I had a "pile,"
Which went with a smile
To my dear little typewriter girl.

IV

Then when she had spent all my savings,
 She dropped on a nice little snap;
 For a lawyer whose last name was Shavings,
 Gave her nothing to do—the kind chap.
 But he fell in love with her grace,
 Her delicate fingers and elegant face,
 Her chin, and her cheek, and her curl;
 Till I took to drink,
 For what do you think?
 He married my typewriter girl.

Tommy—(Emerging from woods as he sings last chorus) Hey, Guvnor—Guvnor!

Theodore—Oh, Tommy, it's you, is it? I'm so glad you've come.

Tommy—Why, Guv, Where 'ave you been hall night?

Theodore—Snipe shooting, Tommy, snipe shooting—Don't you remember when I left the ball with Mr. Willoughby and that actor man. It does seem a long time ago—But you recall it, don't you?

Tommy—But they came back hafter that and danced till past midnight.

Theodore—What time is it now, Tommy? I can't see my watch.

Tommy—Time! Don't you see hit's daybreak? They've just sent me hoff to see why you haren't ready to start for Klondike. It must be past 5 o'clock now and they say you arranged to go at 4.

Theodore—Do they? How strange! They are very forgetful people, don't you know—Why, they left me here at 11 o'clock last night to hold the lantern and the bag. They cautioned me to hold the bag open, because they said when the snipes did come they'd come with a rush.

Tommy—They've been aguying hof vou, Guv. That's sure. But they're in dead hearneest, now, for they've taken your houtfit and told me to tell vou to 'urry and catch hup to them.

Theodore—But, Tommy, I have not had a wink of sleep.

Tommy—No more hain't I, Guv. Wot, with drinking your 'ealth with Slim Jim and the boys, as yer requested, and hacting as yer substitoot all night with

Starlitz, I clean forgot hit was night. But, say, Guv, that wench is a rum un hand no mistake. She hasked to be remembered to you.

Theodore—Tommy, my deah fellow, you must never breathe a word about that episode—or any other episode I might add—when we come back from Klondike.

Tommy—(dramatically) Yer secrets dies with me, Guv.—Put it there. (Shakes hands).

Theodore—But we must be going. Do you know the way, Tommy?

Tommy—Oh, yes, Slim Jim pointed hout the spot they was to land for breakfast.

Theodore—Mercy! Tommy, is that dreadful man going to Klondike, too?

Tommy—Yes, it was 'im as took the canoe we were to 'ave and said we were to walk.

Theodore—And they have all the outfit?

Tommy—Yes, Guv. I'd 'av made 'em wait if there 'ad been only two or three—but there was a dozen 'owlin' savages along, and hevery one on 'em took French leave hof a harmful.

Theodore—What will become of us if we can't catch up? It's bad enough if we do catch up, but if we don't, we'll starve, Tommy.

Tommy—Yes, (pensively) hunless we draws lots, as they does in story books, and heats one another.

Theodore—How can you suggest such a vulgar thing, Tommy? Deah me, let us find the outfit at once, so that I may dress for breakfast.

Tommy—Hall right, Guv. (with a grimace) Seein' as 'ow has hit's likely to be my bread hand butter, I never likes to fight with wot I 'as to heat. Come along. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Snow—(Discovered with Dick on shore of Takoo, with shake hut in the background) Deacon, we haven't had such a streak of luck in many a day. When our Fifth Avenue friend gets back to New York, he'll have a different idea of gold mining than he had when he left.

Willoughby—*Rather*. It's too bad our time is so limited. I'd like to give him some real experience. Get him on his knees in a drift, for instance.

Snow—A drift. He would'nt know what you meant. Drifts and dumps and tailings are all one to him, and would be "vewy vulgar, don't you know," to say the

least. He may have heard somewhere that all that glitters is not gold, but it takes tenderfeet a long time to find that a good deal that doesn't glitter is as good gold as the rest of it. Upon my honor, pard, I enjoyed the dance last night more than usual.

Willoughby—It was amusing, Colonel. But the dance couldn't hold a candle to the snipe shooting. *The snipe-shooting was picturesque.* I don't often laugh, George, but I broke the record last night out in the woods. I joined the procession from Juneau a little after midnight, and to see that booby standing out there like a frozen rat, and waiting till the snipes fell into the bag was too much for even my risibilities.

Snow—Ha! ha! Same here, Dick. If we'd only had a kodak, eh? Do you know he set me thinking of my make up the time I played "The Private Secretary" in Cariboo. As luck would have it, a rainstorm came on during the performance and the shack we played in leaked so badly my clerical habit clung to me closer than his royal nib's dress coat. But, Deacon, the steamboat will be here tonight and we'd better get a move on.

Willoughby—Yaas, that's the worst of it, we won't have time to get him properly salted down.

Snow—How will we apologize for leaving him out in the wet? He'll be howling mad when the little un finds him.

Willoughby—Don't trouble yourself on that score. I've had to deal with too many tenderfeet in my time, to dodge at that prospect. He'll smell a rat when he hears from his valet that we were at the dance after leaving him, and he's too dignified to mention a thing in which he cut such a ludicrous figure. Keep mum, and you'll never hear another word about it.

Snow—I guess you're right, pard; and anyway, a man who hasn't enough sense "to come in out of the wet" ain't liable to make much fuss. What's the next item on the program? Will we let him have a shy at cooking his own grub or—

Willoughby—Why, Colonel, I gave you credit for knowing how to handle a tenderfoot.

Snow—Well, Dick, it does do my heart good to see the smoke follow a greenhorn around a camp fire. I never knew a case yet where it failed.

Willoughby—Yes, that's straight enough—but a board-in' house in the woods with a klootch as kitchen maid is the only sure inducement for camp solitude; and we want him to go into that of his own accord. No man

ever appreciates the comfort of burning his fingers and putting out the fire with the upsetting coffee pot until he has seen how "those low-down miner people" get over the cooking act when there's an Indian woman around.

Snow—But, Dick, we ain't got no klotch handy. I've convinced Starlitz that Spooky is dying for her, and she's coming round about sunset—but—between times.

Willoughby—Between times we'll get along without her. Ain't you an actor, Colonel? What's your profession good for if you can't make practical use of it sometimes? Holy smoke, man, you'll make a jewel of an Indian. Just paint yourself up to beat four of a kind. Spooky hasn't been long enough in Alaska to know when he sees the genuine article.

Snow—Ha! ha! Deacon, you're a nugget with the dirt washed off. But what is that? I fancy I hear them coming. Keep 'em here till I get a chance to tog up. By-the-way, remember he thinks Slim Jim is part of the outfit, and I made sure too to let little Cocky see the Siwashes loading the canoe. Of course he didn't dream we were sending the stuff back to the steamboat wharf, and I've no doubt the duet have, by this time, concluded the whole Indian nation are to escort them to the Yukon.

(Exit Snow)

Theodore—(from the woods) Tommy, my deah Tommy, don't go so fast—Oh—ow—I do believe the twigs are getting in my way on purpose to trip me up. Ow—ouch—for mercy's sake, hold on, Tommy, till I catch up. That last branch struck me right on the nose, don't you know—Deah, deah, are we near the place?

Tommy—Near the place? No. We hain't got to the hocean yet. We're going so slow, I don't believe we'll get there in time for breakfast, and I could heat a w'ole hox, myself. I don't know 'ow you feel.

Theodore—Going slow? Why, Tompkins, I never walked so fast in my life before.

Tommy—Well, yer 'lghness, you'll 'ave to get a rustle on if yer want to keep hup with those miner chaps. That Slim Jim is a rum un. Why, I seed 'im put two revolvers in his pocket and a butcherknife in his belt.

Theodore—(Voices getting nearer) Did he say what he was going to do with them, Tommy?

Tommy—Naw. But thank 'eaven 'ere we hare hat last.

(Comes on stage.)

Theodore—Where, Oh—ouch—Tommy, wait a minute, or weally I shall be compelled to obtain another valet—weally, I shall. Oh, I do believe I have broken my great toe.

(Comes on stage limping, still in his dress suit, which is torn and muddy and his silk hat is out of shape.)

Willoughby—Why, Mr. Spoopendike, I'm so glad to see you. It's too bad to wake you up at such an un-earthly hour, but we had to do it, business is business, and we must be first on the field if we want to make a paying stake. But you've been having a constitutional, I see—it's a fine appetizer. One needs something of that kind to appreciate one's breakfast. But that reminds me, did you make any arrangements about a French cook or anything in that line. You'll hardly care to put up with our humble diet.

Theodore—Weally, Mr. Willoughby, I quite overlooked the culinary part of the expedition—indeed. I half believed we would be able to drop into the halfway houses and inns enroute and get what we desired in that way.

Willoughby—How strange that a man of your evident ability, whose ingenious mind even thought of such details as a cradle to rock the gold—dark glasses to save your eyes from the glittering dust—and a kettle to boil the bullion—and yet did not arrange for a bite to eat. But great men are always like that, as you say. Of course you can drop into the eating houses by the way.

Tommy—Say, Guv., I 'opes you wont wait till we come across a heating 'ouse in this 'owlin' desert. I don't know 'ow you feel, but it seems to me has 'as yer best interest hat 'art—hit seems to me has 'ow you hought to 'ave something, not to mention the mouthful I'd like myself.

Theodore—Indeed, Tommy, you are quite right. Mr. Willoughby, can you undertake to find the necessary accommodations for us en route?

Willoughby—I shall be most happy to do so. It will be such an honor to have you eat at my own table—most of the family have already breakfasted, but if you wish I will ask my fair partner to prepare a repast for you.

Theodore—(Patronizingly) Don't mention it, I'm sure I always try to adapt myself to the ways of the lower classes, don't you know, when circumstances require

me to be in their company. I hope you will feel quite at home while I am around, indeed I do.

Willoughby—Certainly, Mr. Spoopendike, certainly; you are very kind, “don’t you know.” If you’ll just come over with me I will introduce you to the one who has sworn to honor and obey—“don’t you know.”

(Exit)

Theodore—And so we are to meet a lady, and me in this condition. Tommy, let us change hats. The weather has played such havoc with mine that it is not becoming. It does not so much matter how you look.

Tommy—Hall right, Guv. I spose it don’t. Hanyhow, seein’ hit’s my bread hand butter, I never like to fight with wot I ’as to heat.

(They change hats and hurry after Willoughby).

SCENE III.

(Snow discovered in front of tent dressed like an Indian woman, with his face and hands painted, his head in a handkerchief, and a dirty blanket around his shoulders. A camp fire is visible with a pot fastened over it. Snow busy at the pot when Willoughby enters, followed by Theedy and Tommy.)

Willoughby—Halloa, Old stick-in-the-mud, have you any muck-a-muck left? (Aside to Theodore—muck-a-muck is Chinook for grub) I’ve brought you two new boarders—This one is Mr. Spoopendike, and this one—by-the-way, what is your name, Shorty?

Tommy—Oh, hit don’t matter wot you calls me has long has you gives me enough to heat.

Theodore—He is my valet, don’t you know.

Snow—Valet—Valley, What is Valley? Oh, yes, now I see. Dat’s a goot choke, ha! ha! ha! when zay are together zay do look like a mountain and a valley.

Theodore—Beg pardon, Madam, did you speak?

Willoughby—Oh, don’t mind her, Mr. Spoopendike, she is quite harmless, except when there is “hoochinoo” around.

Theodore—And what do you mean by hoochinoo, pray?

Willoughby—Oh, I beg your pardon. I do keep forgetting that you don’t know the language yet. Hoochinoo is Chinook for whiskey.

Theodore—Aw, indeed. This Chinook is quite a serious impediment, don’t you know. Strange they didn’t teach it at college. Why, one needs it more than Latin, don’t you know.

Willoughby—Yaas, (dryly) it is peculiar, but when one has knocked about the world as long as I have he finds that there are several other things besides Chinook that they don't teach at college.

Theodore—Oh, nonsense, Mr. Willoughby, you must be prejudiccd. But ah—by-the-way—you know you said you were going to introduce me to your fair partner, don't you know.

Willoughby—My partner? Why, hain't I introduced you yet. I beg your pardon, indeed I do. Stick-in-the-mud, turn round so the gentleman can see you. Mr. Spoopendike—Stick-in-the-mud, Stick-in-the-mud Mr. Spoopendike. She don't talk the best of English but you'll find her very good-natured. But I see it's getting late. If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll go and look up Slim Jim, for it's time to be getting on. Make yourself comfortable. Stick-in-the-mud will have your muck-a-muck ready in a minute or two.

(Exit to back of tent where he hides in order to see the performance.)

Snow—(Addressing Theodore, while Tommy is at other side of stage) Clah how yah, tillicum?

Theodore—Beg pardon!

Snow—Clah how yah?

Theodore—I weally don't comprehend your meaning, madam, I assure you I don't. Say something else and perhaps—

Snow—Niki halo cumtux, eh! Well, how is your tumtum?

Theodore—My tumtum—weally, madam, you have me again—What is "tumtum," pray? You see my Chinook education has been somewhat neglected.

Snow—Tumtum means health—now saby—How is your tumtum?

Theodore—Oh, if it's my health you mean, why, my health is very good—at least considering—don't you know. Tommy, Tommy, come here like a good fellow, and converse with this cannibal.

Tommy—Comin', Guv., comin'. I wuz just trying to see if I could see the houtfit, but hit hain't wisible. Wot's the matter, old thing-a-my-jig?

Snow—How is your tumtum?

Tommy—Hey?

Snow—How is your tumtum?

Tommy—Oh, my tumtum's hall right. Don't worry about that ole lady—leastwise, hit would be alright hif hit wasn't so hempty. Can you 'urry along the victuals?

I know the Guv. hiz dyin' for something nourishing—and has for me, I'm hin my coffin.

Snow—I make you muck-a-muck before soon. Like you beans wis your hardtack? (Pitches sea biscuits at Tommy and Theodore.) Or would you razzer have hardtack wiz your beans? (Dips tin cup into pot and fills two tin plates with beans as he speaks.)

Theodore—(horrified) Beg pawdon, Madam, but I never eat beans at breakfast. (Aside to Tommy—Let us go and see if we cannot get a poached egg on toast, or something else, no matter how plain it is at the nearest restaurant. I couldn't think of eating anything here.

Tommy—Say, Guv., We'll have to make the best hof hit. There hare no Delmonico's in these woods, I know. Not heven han haerated Bread Company's Teapot (depot).*

Theodore—Make the best of it! Why, Tommy, it's impossible. Who ever heard of soup for breakfast? I don't wonder they call it muck-a-muck.

Tommy—Yes, Guv., hit's *bean* soup and now hit's muck-a-muck. Ha! ha! 'Ow is that for a joke old copper skin?—(Aside) Nothing like keepin' the ole lady in good humor, you know.

Theodore—Tommy, don't make me ill. The smell of that creature's blanket reminds me of a salmon cannery, it has taken away all my appetite, as well as my respect for Willoughby. The idea of a man living in the same house with that hideous spectacle. But what can one expect of the lower classes? A college education makes all the difference.

Tommy—The smell doesn't interfere with my happetite, Guv. But p'raps I 'av a different kind from you. Wot do you mean when you says happetite?

Theodore—Why, I mean my desire for something to eat.

Tommy—I knew the American variety must be different. In London w'en we says happetite we means w'en we're heatin', hit don't matter wot, we're 'appy, and w'en we're drinkin', we're tight—happytite, see! But 'ush, Guv., the horacle's goin' to speak.

Snow—Mr. *Valley*, here is ze coffee. All ze ozzer cups are full. Take a drink and zen pass ze cup on to ze *mountain*.

Theodore—Merciful stars, defend me from that sav-

* An allusion to the ABC restaurant system, of London.

age. The idea of asking me to drink out of the same utensil as my servant. Let us go at once.

Tommy—(Who has been stealing a mouthful when opportunity offered.) Better not go yet, you can 'ave the first drink hif you like. W'y, that's nothin' at all. I used to heat at a kitchen in London w'ere they 'ad so much custom that they used to let the reglars sit hat a long table with one big plate in front hof heach man; and then a cadger came hin with a big squirting affair like a syringe. He came to hus by turn and has ee squirted the stuff into the plate, 'eed say; "*soup*." Hif we wanted hany we didn't say hanything, but hif we didn't like that pertickler kind we'd say, "Naw," and 'eed suck it up with the machine again like this (*Tommy* goes through action with his hands and makes a sucking sound with his mouth) and then pass on to the next.

Theodore—Deah me, you make me feel faint. Come, we must go at once.

Tommy—Well, Guv., hits a question hof drawing lots in the woods; facing Slim Jim; hor putting hup with the ole lady's peculiarities. Perhaps the old duffer ain't so bad w'en you *knows* her a while.

Theodore—"Nose" her, indeed. Oh, why did I forget a French cook.

Tommy—Cheer up, Guv., I'll sing you a song to bring back your appetite.

(*Snow* who has been passing in and out of the tent at appropriate intervals now remains outside until song is over.)

THE BOARDIN' MISSIS' SMILE.

Though I've been in many lands,
And have passed through many hands,
In my search for peace and comfort without guile;
Yet I have found out at last,
That all joy in life is past,
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

Though your friends be of the best,
And you sport a satin vest,
And at balls and picnics live in highest style;

All your pomp will be in vain,
For no real joy can you gain,
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

When your wages are increased—
Say five hundred at the least,
It may make you feel quite happy for a while;
But it is not worth a song
(Though, of course, I may be wrong)
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

If some little Cupid's dart
Has with love inflamed your heart,
And your lady takes it off into exile;
While you wait your wedding morn,
You will wish you ne'er was born
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

If a bachelor you stay,
And you hoard your cash away,
Till at length you have contrived to save a pile;
What is all your money worth,
Is it use for aught on earth
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile?

So, young man, just starting out,
Take advice, and you, no doubt,
Will ensure yourself real comfort by this wile;
If with you the girls do flirt,
Treat them kind, but be alert
That you always court the boardin' missis' smile.

Snow—(Entering) Me see a canoe at ze water. If it is Slim Jim he will come to strike ze camp and you will not have somethin' at all to eat.

Tommy—(Evidently startled) Come, Guv., we hain't got no time to lose.

Theodore—Weally, Tommy, I could not lower myself to partake of viands prepared by that creature. In

future, since we have no cook, we will ourselves do the necessary cooking. But in order to keep the woman in good humor as you suggest, you had better take some of that—ah—

Tommy—Beans.

Theodore—While I stroll around and view the scenery, don't you know.

Tommy—(Who has already half finished his share, pours Theodore's part into his, and says:) Hall right, Guv., since you thinks hit's best and seein' as 'ow as hit's my bread and butter, there ain't hany use fightin' with wot one 'as to heat.

(Tableau)

Tommy—Eating beans, ravenously.

Theodore—Horried, but hungry.

Snow—In rift in tent, chuckling and making signs to Willoughby.

Willoughby—Peering from behind a tree.

(Curtain)

ACT IV--EN ROUTE FOR HOME.

SCENE I.

Snow—Speak low, Deacon, they're just out in the clearing yonder, trying to light their first camp fire. I left the cooking utensils near a pile of wet wood on purpose.

Willoughby—How was the long one feeling after the tossing he got?

Snow—Oh, "Bettah, much bettah, thank you." Say, Dick, I never laughed so much since I had the measles.

Willoughby—It was somewhat amusing. It's only once in a lifetime a tenderfoot crosses the Takoo without knowing where his stomach is—and the worst of it was, there was no cabin or "night gown" handy to hide his difficulty.

Snow—I never saw one *swell* so disgusted with *another* in all my chequered career. Ha! ha! But I'm afraid we'll miss the boat by it.

Willoughby—Miss the boat—bah! Why, man, he's been dying for an excuse to get back for the last six hours. When he saw the white caps and icebergs on tother side of the Takoo he wanted me to take him to Juneau again for a larger canoe. When I suggested that there were no larger ones there, he assured me in that case that he'd go to New York for one.

Snow—Ha! ha! Well, by the holy smoke, that beats the Dutch. I asked him about five minutes ago—while I was laying out the provisions—if he didn't think it wise to take a run down to civilization again, to get a French cook.

Willoughby—And what did he say?

Snow—He said he'd go to Klondike—or to the north pole, for that matter—before he'd risk crossing that "dweadful Takoo" again. We should have taken him at his word to go to New York for a larger canoe, before we left the other side.

Willoughby—Not much. I promised the Cap., I'd meet him on this side. (Looking at watch) By George! it only wants an hour of the appointed time, too. We must give the youth a right good finishing touch. Sneak off to windward, like a good fellow, and post the boys at the Indian camp to make lots of noise when you see me rustling toward the kids. When the steamer whistles, send Starlitz along like a streak with her little

tale of woe—if you can make her believe it, so much the better—and then leave the rest to yours truly.

Snow—All right, Deacon. If those youngsters don't have a higher opinion of miners after today, we'd better go out of the business, but—hush (Starts to go).

Willoughby—By-the-way, pard, you better follow us into the canoe when we do get started. I've an idea I may need you aboard ship.

Snow—Cert. (Exeunt in opposite directions).

SCENE II.

(Camp in woods; Tommy gathering logs and Theodore trying to light the fire. Smoke—smoke—nothing but smoke is the result, and it blows continually in the direction of Theodore.)

Theodore—(Discovered in shirt-sleeves, and rubbing his eyes with blackened hands.) Do you know, Tommy, this going to Klondike is a serious undertaking—Oh, that beastly smoke! and to hear those low-down miners talk we have not begun yet.

Tommy—Don't you like hit, Guv.? We're 'aving lots hof hexperience. We'll be able to lead a Salvation Army prayer meeting w'en we gets back.

Theodore—Experience! I wish we didn't have quite so much. Weally, Tommy, I feel quite faint, don't you know. I have scarcely had a bite to eat since I left the steamer yesterday noon.

Tommy—And the fishes got some of that, eh! Guv. I told vou this morning there ain't no use fightin' with wot you 'as to heat. Them beans wasn't so bad w'en it come to heatin' of them.

Theodore—Deah me, I wonder if there isn't some way of having a fire without smoke, don't you know? (rubs eyes) Gwacious me. How sore I am. That standing up in a bog all night has its after effects—But I hope the worst is over.

Tommy—Not as I sees it, Guv., you'll 'ave to get used to a lot of things before the worst is over. W'y, there may be another Takoo for all we knows.

Theodore—Another Takoo! Who told you, Tommy?

Tommy—No one told me, Boss, I just 'appened to mention hit. (smiles) Wot'll we 'ave for supper, Guv., beans?

Theodore—I don't know, Tommy; by the look of this fire we are not liable to have anything.

Tommy—Except smoked millionaire. 'Ere, let me fix it, w'ile you does the cookin.' (Fixes the fire.)

Theodore—Oh, deah, I wish I knew how they make "fricassee chicken."

Tommy—Hor hif we 'ad some hof that blubber them Injuns use, we might 'ave some *whale on toast*, eh?

Theodore—Let us see what they left for us. (explores box of provisions) Ah—(tasting) that's sugar; (takes parcel out and lays it on one side) I'm so glad they left us sugar, don't you know—Ah, and that's olive oil—yes, olive oil; and that's—salt—and that vinegar, and rice—and oatmeal—and—let me see—(wry face) that's soft soap, I think. Ah, here are some plates. How thoughtful (opens parcel) why, no it isn't either, it's ah—

Tommy—Hard tack.

Theodore—And that's mustard—and that's—weally—*Tommy*, what is this?

Tommy—W'y, Guv., that's bacon.

Theodore—Aw, so it is (box getting empty) and that's *bacon powder*—and that's—(smells bottle without label).

Tommy—(taking bottle and pulling cork and then drinking heartily) I think hit's bitters, Guv., (takes another pull to see) 'ere let's try again. Yes hit's bitters—that's wot hit his.

Theodore—That's flour—and that's coffee—and that—how heavy it is, and it's the last too—Oh, *Tommy*, it's beans.

Tommy—Well, I spose we'll 'ave to 'av some hof them now, eh?

Theodore—No, *Tommy*, I must weally dwaw the line somewhere, and I dwaw it at beans.

Tommy—'Ows that, Guv? They're heasy enough cooked, I know.

Theodore—Of course you cannot understand my feelings in a matter of that kind, *Tommy*. I have been brought up to regard beans as a vewy vulgar vegetable. But there is no use casting pearls at swine. You lower classes can never appreciate the advantages of refinement. If we could only get to the Klondike without all this abominable, uninteresting, (burns his fingers trying to hold coffee pot from falling over the fire) painful detail, I would then show you how very superior it is to have had a college training.

Tommy—Well, Guv., (pokes the fire) at this rate I wont 'ave an hoportunity hof testing your superiority. But I hain't kicking. If yer pays up like a man, I'll be dead in it without hever seein' Klondike. But,

Guv., wot's funny to me is w'y you turned hup yer nose w'en that Starlitz wench hasked you to 'ave another dance. That little un was just my size. She was wot I calls a topper.

(Theodore spills the coffee in his disgust, and again burns his fingers trying to keep the contents from putting out the fire.) But say, Guv., yer likely to go to bed without supper—they only gave hus a hour to get ready to move again, and the time's nearly hup.

Theodore—Oh, Tommy, I cawn't—here, you do the cooking too, that's a good fellow.

Tommy—Hall right, Guv., seein' hit's my bread hand butter, I'm not goin' to fight with wot I 'as to heat. But 'ere's that bloke, Willoughby, comin' as hif 'eed lost something. (Enter Willoughby.)

Willoughby—You haven't seen Slim Jim's pipe anywhere, have you?

Theodore— } No.
Tommy— }

Willoughby—Well, that is a blessing and no mistake. There's bound to be a necktie party in camp tonight when the pipe is found.

Theodore—A what?

Willoughby—A lynching, I mean.

Theodore—But they wouldn't hang a man for stealing a pipe, even if they did find him out, would they?

Willoughby—Hang him! I should think they would. Why, man, outside of Snow's monthly tragedies, a necktie party is the only amusement the miners have.

Theodore—Deah, deah, You don't call that an amusement, do you?

Willoughby—Wall, you see, when men have lived all their lives in the mountains, they need something of that kind to be more than ordinarily exciting. Lynching comes as natural to a miner as lying to a lawyer. To give you an instance. Once on a time there was a miner got into heaven by a fluke, do you understand?

Theodore—Yes, I can very well understand that.

Willoughby—Wall, when St. Peter came round and found him, he was sort of mad at first, but softened down, and promised to let him remain if he would reform. It went all right for a day or so, but the miner grew lonesome for some of his pals at last, and one night stole a march on Gabriel and let the whole diggins in before anyone could prevent him.

Theodore—What a horrid man.

Willoughby—That's what Peter thought when he saw



“OH TOMMY MY DEAR NOBLE FELLOW, HERE TAKE THE PIPE
IN YOUR POCKET. I’M SURE NO ONE WOULD TAKE THE
TROUBLE TO HANG A MERE VALET.”

See page 234

what had happened; and feeling it was impossible even for heaven to put out an organized mob of miners loaded to the neck, he concluded to visit his wrath on the man who let the rascals in. When the miner saw he couldn't frighten St. Peter with yarns, and it was either get the gang out or go himself, he proposed to Peter that if he'd let him stay he'd get the gang out without a struggle. St. Peter agreed, and the miner going to the gate when no one was looking he opened it excitedly and yelled at an imaginary crowd outside "Lynch him! lynch him!" at the top of his voice. The cry was too much for his pals. They would forfeit heaven rather than a lynching, and as they rushed out, pellmell, the miner stepped in quickly, shut the door and heaven was itself again.

Theodore—But that is not true, surely?

Willoughby—Well, I wasn't there, I'll admit, and I never like to vouch for anything I didn't see myself.

(At this juncture Willoughby slips a pipe into Theodore's coat which is lying near and as though by accident trips on the coat and exposes pipe to view).

But what is this, Mr. Spoopendike? *Whew!* fly for your life, stranger. That's the very pipe. Slim already suspects you. He's on the road here now to string you up, for an Indian told him you were the thief.

Theodore—But—but—I never smoke a pipe—It's a mistake—I—oh, Tommy, run and give him the pipe immediately.

Willoughby—That'll only prove you took it, man. He wont do the camp out of its sport, because you don't die game.

Theodore—But I never took the pipe—I never even use a pipe, I only use cigarettes.

Willoughby—For heaven's sake, don't tell Slim that, Mr. Spoopendike. He'll hang you then on general principles. A man who smokes cigarettes is worse in his estimation than a man who can't drink whiskey straight.

Theodore—Oh deah, oh deah—(in great distress) Tommy, cawn't you say something?

Tommy—Well, Guv., It's too bad you got found out. But in London, w'en a chap does something wrong hand his goin' to be caught, 'ee usually calls in the police.

Willoughby—Police, your grandmother. Say, sonny, I thought you had more sense. The nearest policeman is a thousand miles away.

Tommy—Yes, just like it is in London.

Theodore—(noise outside, and Theodore, who is beside himself, says:) Run for a policeman, at once, Tommy, I will hand that bloodthirsty fellow over to him without the slightest compunction, weally, I will.

Willoughby—But, man alive, Jim will be here in a few moments and a policeman wouldn't even hear of the assassination (groan from Theodore) until a month after it has happened. Fly, man, fly!—

Theodore—But I didn't take the pipe, weally.

Willoughby—But there it is in your coat.

Theodore—Oh, Tommy, my deah, noble fellow, here, take the pipe in your pocket. I'm sure no one would take the trouble to hang a mere valet.

Tommy—Sav, Guv., I'm just a little jubious hon that p'int. I 'ates to 'ave to fight with my bread hand butter, and wot's more, I wont, heither, hif you'll wait till I 'ears from Slim's hown mouth that 'ee doesn't 'ang valets.

Starlitz—(who enters hurriedly, while noise outside grows louder) Where is ze pletty man?

Theodore—Too late! too late! here comes the messenger of death. Tommy, I had hoped to die, as became a person of my superior attainments—but that horrid man, no doubt, intends to make me waltz to eternity with a smoked salmon in my arms.

Starlitz—Me came to save you—quick—quick—big steamer, it whistle. Me catch him in canoe; quick, ze canoe is ready. Zis way, quick, Slim Jim sent man for ze rope.

Tommy—Well, you hare a little popsy-wopsy and no mistake. Talk about Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, she's 'em both together, with the accent on the Darling. Come, Guv., we'll have our dessert aboard the steamer.

Theodore—Yes, let's away. Oh, if I only had my travelling apparel here!

Willoughby—But you're not going to give up the Klondike expedition, are you? We have hardly started yet, and I shall miss you so much. Do stay like a good fellow.

Theodore—Weally, Mr. Willoughby, I fear we will have to forego the mutual pleasure until a later day. (noise outside) Tommy, let's be going (Tommy takes a pull at the bottle) In fact I will drop along some Saturday, and we can run into the Klondike over Sunday, don't you know. (Noise) But I must be going now. Goodbye, Mr. Willoughby, ta, ta.

Willoughby—Goodbye, Mr. Spoopendike; but it is too bad to break up our friendship so abruptly. I will accompany you to the steamer. (All begin to go; then suddenly Willoughby turns and calls into the woods) Hay there, Old Stick-in-the-mud, if we aint back to supper, tell Slim that business of importance has called Mr. Spoopendike and valet to the *Metrolopis*. Now then, Starlitz, lead us to the canoe (Exeunt all, followed by Snow, still in blanket)

SCENE III—ABOARD SHIP.

Captain—(Discovered alone on deck of steamer, with glasses) Well, it was somewhere about here Dick told me to look for him. I never knew the Deacon to fail when it came to gulling tenderfeet. I only hope he has had some mercy. (Enter Aunt Jemima with Izzy in tears) What's the matter now, Miss Lovejoy, seasick again?

Aunt Jemima—Captain Rudlin, Haow long do you calculate it will be before those young scape graces get back from the gold country?

Captain—What makes you ask such a question the day after they've gone, good woman? You don't expect them back do you? (Aside—I wonder did she hear us talking).

Aunt Jemima—Haow?

Captain—I say, what makes you ask such a question the day after they've gone?

Aunt Jemima—It does appear like trifling with your nautical knowledge, Captain, but this girl here is leading me such a life of misery since young Spoopendike went, that I'm most crazy. If I thought the beans they talk so much about were Boston baked and that we could tote enough pumpkin pie and apple cider to last us through, I dew believe I might think of going into the mountains after him, especially as Mr. Willoughby is their guide.

Captain—Oh, is that all. Don't worry yourself, Miss. I'll warrant he ain't worrying after you more than he ought. But he can't be very far off yet, in fact, do you know (with a chuckle) I've a presentiment that he'll be aboard with us tonight.

Isabel—Oh, Captain, do you think so? How nice that will be. If he does we will—

Aunt Jemima—Get married and live happy ever after, as the foolish story books I read, when I was a girl, used to say.

Willoughby—(from without) Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!
Captain—My presentiment has materialized.

(Enter *Willoughby* and party).

Isabel—(Rushing to meet *Theodore*) Oh, Theedy, my love, I knew you could not stay away from me. (locked in each other's arms).

Theodore—No, dawling, I had to come, don't you know.

Willoughby—That's straight goods, Miss, (with a wink at the *Captain*) he had to come. It was utterly impossible for him to stay longer. (*Starlitz* hangs on to *Theodore* somewhat jealously.)

Aunt Jemima—Izzy, dear, dew not be too familiar. Who is that native person, Mr. Spoopendike?

Theodore—Aw—it—ah (aside to *Tommy*), Answer her for heaven's sake, and get me out of this scrape.

Tommy—(In stage whisper to *Theodore*) Hall right, Guv., seein' hit's my bread hand butter I don't see hany use fightin' with wot I 'as to heat. (aloud) W'y, you see, old lady, she's *Starlitz*—my *sweetheart*, and she's trying to induce the Guvnor 'ere to sign the check for a thousand dollars which 'ee promised to give 'er if she married me; ain't that so, Guv.?

Theodore—Well—I—ah—expect that must be it. (*Starlitz* does not see the point, and *Theodore* says to *Tommy* again: Do take her away, *Tommy*).

Tommy—You 'aven't got the check 'andy, 'ave you, Guv.?

Theodore—Oh yes, certainly, ah—

Starlitz—Don't you want dance me again, Mistah Ninkumpoop—me save you—me.

Theodore—(In growing distress) Not just now, dawling—I mean woman—(aside) Oh, *Tommy*, here's the check, keep her quiet while I'm writing it and I'll double your salary too.

Tommy—Make it payable at Juneau. I've han hidea. I'll stop 'ere and take 'er in tow just to oblige you, Guv.

Theodore—Certainly, certainly, but oh keep her quiet.

Tommy—You see, *Captain* and ladies, this ere wench is the future queen of the—wot do you call 'em, *Willoughby*?

Willoughby—(highly amused) The Jim Jams, do you mean?

Tommy—Yes, the Jim Jams—and with the princely hoffer hof ha fortune, w'ich 'is Ryal 'Ighness his heven now writin' hout, I will be the 'appiest man hin Halaska—not to mention being king w'en 'er old man croaks.

(Goes up and chucks Starlitz under the chin, which she takes in good part.) 'Ere, Ducky, I'll dance yer a round or two, like we did the hother night, just to show the 'ightoned folks 'ow haccomplished you hare. Now then 'ere goes. Just catch on to hour curve, will yer?

(Here Tommy leads Starlitz out and after a dance, sings a verse in the chorus of which Starlitz joins and again dances, etc., to end of song.)

I'M GOING TO WED A PRINCESS.

I'm going to wed a princess:
Some day she'll be a queen;
And then I'll be her consort
With all that that may mean.
I'll sit upon a golden throne,
And smile on Royal Dames;
And when her pater turns his toes,
I'll rule the great Jim Jams.

CHORUS

When we are the Jim Jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cain with ardor keen
Likewise the golden calf;
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes
In glorious 'alf 'n 'alf.

Her father is a monarch—
(Another name for king)
His fathers ruled the Jim Jams
Since time first took the wing;
But now he's growing hoary
So, as his daughter's spouse,
When he has gone to glory
I'll take the Kingly vows.

Her mother—(recitative) But I forgot all about her mother. For heaven's sake, Starlitz, break the news gently. Is your mother dead?

Starlitz—Yes.

Her mother's in a coffin
Within the Royal tomb;
Her angel voice is silenced
And buried deep in gloom.
Long ere her daughter married
She mingled with the blest—
And quite resigned the mourners weep—
Whatever is is best.

Her subjects are devoted—
At least they soon will be;
When she is queen and I am king
They'll have a jubilee.
They'll gorge themselves with salmon heads,
They'll swim in blubber fat,—
But when she's queen and I am king—
Who cares a fig for that.

CHORUS

When we are the Jim Jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cair with ardor keen
And milk the Klondike calf;
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes
In glorious 'alf 'n 'alf.

(Starlitz sings a high note in closing last chorus and Tommy stops to listen in amazement.)

Tommy—W'y, I thought you were an uncivilized savage?

Starlitz—Zat is what zay call me.

Tommy—Well they're wrong. Only *civilized* savages sing like that.

Aunt Jemima—Well, dew tell. What a right cute little fellow that Britisher do be.

Isabel—Oh Theedy, dear. It is just like the brave, generous creature you are to make others happy. I just don't know how anyone can help loving you.

Theodore—Yes, dawling.

Isabel—But, Theedy, was it love at first sight between Mr. Tompkins and the princess?

Willoughby—(after awkward pause) Only partly, Miss—you see—

Theodore—(aside) Oh, Mr. Willoughby, I shall pay you well for your services as guide, don't you know, but be careful—oh so careful.

Willoughby—Well, to make a long story short, it was a case of loving a *mountain* first but getting shaken off into the *valley*.

Isabel—I don't know what you mean, sir, but it must have been nice—all love is so nice. Theedy dear, I have missed you so much; I have scarcely had a wink of sleep since we parted.

Theodore—Same here, dawling; me too.

Isabel—Did you have any adventures while you were at Klondike?

Theodore—Well, I should say so. I'm going to write a book about them, don't you know. (More embraces.)

Aunt Jemima—Sakes alive, Captain Rudlin, this is getting very high-fluting. It reminds me of old times (looks sheepishly at Willoughby). I'm beginning to feel just as spruce as if I were a young girl again.

Captain—Yes, I'm married myself, but I know just how you feel.

Tommy—Say Captain, (growing desirous of proving his new fortunes) can't you do the business up? I know some captains has can splice ha chap hand they're not a bit bettern you.

Isabel—Oh yes, Captain, you can marry people, can't you? How nice that would be.

Theodore—Oh, you weally must excuse me, but I'm not dwessed for the occasion.

Willoughby—But it isn't your clothes gets married, Mr. Spoopendike. (Aside) Look here, if you don't be sociable I'll have to mention how you spoiled your dress suit.

Theodore—(aside Oh, Mr. Willoughby, be merciful). Isabel, my dawling, if the Captain's willing, so am I.

Isabel—So am I.

Tommy—So am I.

Starlitz—(after persuasive actions on part of Tommy)
So am I.

Captain—Well since you four are willing, Isn't there any one else? While I'm in the way I might as well fix up six as four. (Looking hard at Willoughby.)

Willoughby—Cap., you seem to mean me. I have been a widower for so long I've most got used to it.

(Theodore stares.)

But since she's from Old Massachusetts and reminds me so much of Maria—(looks sweetly at Aunt Jemima.)

Aunt Jemima—Really, I thought I had gotten over such foolishness, but Mr. Willoughby is so like my dear Hezekiah.

Tommy—Hit's heazy seein' the old lady's deaf, Guv., hor helse 'Ezekiah wuz used to tellin' some unearthly w'oppers.

Aunt Jemima—(Sings)

THE WIDOW'S SONG

I've been a widow many years
I've bathed my grief in seas of tears—
I've shunned all joy:
But still I live a widow lone—
The grave sends back no answering moan
No hopes decoy;
Till now I wonder is it right
That I should rob my life of light?

Tho' I loved Hezekiah
He's now dead and gone;
Why should I not marry
His loss to atone?
Why should I not hearken
To one who loves me,
And seal a new life lease
With nuptial glee?

There's those who say it is not true
For widows to consort anew—
It wrongs the dead:
But after all is said and done

What cares the dead the pace we run?
In last long bed
They dreamless lie nor seek to cheer
The life their death left sad and drear.

And once we've found what marriage means—
Have had a peak behind the scenes
And proved its worth:
It is a compliment for sure
That we no longer can endure
The loved one's dearth;
But straight pick out another spouse
To whom we may renew love's vows.

In the last chorus Willoughby joins as follows:

WILLOUGHBY'S CHORUS

Tho' I loved sweet Maria
She's now dead and gone;
Why should I not marry
Her loss to atone?
Why should I not hearken
To one who loves me,
And seal a new life lease
With nuptial glee?

Theodore—I forbid the banns.

Willoughby—What about the ball and the snipe shooting and the pipe incident and—

Theodore—(tragically) It matters not, villain. Since she is to be a relative of mine, even though Slim Jim and his revolver were here, I would not see her marry a—bigamist.

Aunt Jemima—Ow—

Snow—(who has been in background unnoticed) This is where I fit in isn't it?

Theodore—Yes, my future and vewry respected relative this creature ah—is that man's—

Snow—(throwing off female disguise) Partner.

Tommy—Sold again and got the money. Say, Guv., they've been aguying hof you right hand left.

Theodore—Well, did you ever! Weally, Aunt, I have

been misinformed. I withdraw my objection on one solitary condition.

Aunt Jemima—
and
Willoughby— } And that is?

*Theodore—*That when we get back to civilization, you will help me keep the secret of how Tenderfeet are treated in Alaska.

*All—*Agreed.

Curtain.

(If the lowering of the curtain meets with sufficient applause to justify a longer performance the following epilogue may be recited by *Snow—*

EDUCATED AT COLLEGE

Once on a time, a farmer from down East,
Who, with his wife, two sons and a daughter,
Had struggled for years to scrape a living
From a resisting farm in the mountains,
Opined, that, if wealth failed him as a whole,
It was indeed a shabby family
That could not afford at least ONE gentleman.

With this in mind, he and his household saved enough
To send the younger of the two sons to school.
And while he was gone many sacrifices
Were required of the home folks to fulfill
His many needs and help him win a degree.
But at last it was won, and the young man
Broadened by contact with the world, returned
To the old one-roomed cabin of his boyhood
To meet those from whom he had so long been parted.

They all felt proud of the young collegian,
And with their pride a sort of modesty
Had arisen, that, when it came time to retire,
Made it needful to blow out the candle
Ere they disrobed—a nicety about which
They had not always been so careful.

Now only the collegian was left.
He, smiling at the absurd situation,
But recognizing that it was up to him,
Made one effective puff

(Whew) !!

and out went the light.

The four onlookers, seeing his quick success,
Fairly beamed, from the newly made darkness,
As they uttered with one accord: "Dew tell!"
"Isn't it great to have A COLLEGE EDUCATION?"

OCT 7 1912



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 132 8